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The Daily Mirror

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No. 3,541.

Registered at the G.P.O.
as a Newspaper.

MONDAY, MARCH 1, 1915

24 PAGES.

One Halfpenny.

THE TURN OF FASHION'S MAGIC WHEEL BRINGS WOMAN
BACK TO FULL SKIRTS AND FLOUNCES.



A walking costume, by Reville and Rossiter, showing a short coat of duchesse satin, with high military collar and tassel trimming, worn over a white silk muslin blouse, and full skirt of graduated tucks of plaid taffetas.

The year 1915, so far as the fashions of women are concerned, will be known as a year of many and beautiful revivals. The full skirt that almost a hundred years ago fore-



A gown, by Reville and Rossiter, of English-made duck-egg blue taffetas shot silver grey. The full skirt is trimmed with bows and ball tassels, and the bodice shows a fichu of Malines lace clasped with a rose.

shadowed the arrival of the crinoline has been taken out of the old oak chest in grandmamma when she was young wrapped all her finery in lavender.

By Appointment
toH.M.
The Queen.By Appointment
toT.M. The King and
Queen of Spain.

DERRY & TOMS

KENSINGTON-LONDON

for COSTUMES and GOWNS

Exhibition of Fashions.

Our buyer has been successful in securing a variety of fascinating productions in Paris.

These, together with inexpensive adaptations, are on view in our Showrooms, demonstrating the full circular-cut Skirts and smart short Coats—the outstanding features of the more exclusive Parisian Model Houses.

The garments illustrated have been selected at random, and convey some slight idea of the general fashion tendency.

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M.A.2.—Smart Military Suit in Navy Suiting, with coloured pipings. Collar prettily embroidered with gilt, also gilt buttons **79/6**

M.A.3.

M.A.3.—Original French Model by Andre & Denise, Trimmed Shepherd's Check and Embroideries. Skirt is of the full circular shape.

M.A.4.—Choice suit in Navy or Black Suiting Serge, with deep vest of White Moire Silk. Cut with full Circular Skirt. Made in our own workrooms **51 gns.**

M.A.5.

M.A.5.—Chic Afternoon Gown in heavy quality Crepe de Chine. Moire Silk Waistband of contrasting shade. Full Tulle Skirt. All Shades and Black. Made in our own workrooms **63/-**

61 gns.

The New Regimental Petticoat

DRESS SKIRTS are worn so much wider than formerly that the petticoat has become a necessity. To meet the requirements of the new Fashion, we are introducing a very smartly-cut and useful garment (as illustrated) called "The New Regimental Petticoat." This Petticoat is made from a beautiful soft English Silk Mixture, and is available in all the correct Regimental colours. It is a perfect-fitting shape and will wear magnificently. Moderately-priced at

Post **11/9** Free.

Here are some of the Regimental colours it is supplied in: Scots Greys, Guards, Gordon Highlanders, Royal Engineers, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, 10th Hussars, 19th Hussars, 12th Lancers, 42nd Highlanders, Scottish Borderers, East Surreys; but no matter what colours you need, we can supply them.

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"WARSAW"—(Costume Dept.).—This pretty Coat and Skirt is made in fine Garbyoord in the Russian style, trimmed with striped silk and self buttons. A new pleated skirt gives the finish to a smart suit.

£5 15 6



"SYLVIE"—(Mantle Dept.).—Wonderful Value.—Charming little Coat in Black Silk Moire. Excellent for early spring wear. Lined Ivory Satin. In very Small, Small and Medium, Large and Extra Large Sizes.

Special Price **2 gns.**

Write for our own approval. If you are unknown to us, remittance or usual trade references should accompany order.



"REQUIN"—(Costume Dept.).—A Navy Coat and Skirt cut on the newest lines. Coat has trimmed back, and the collar and shoulder straps give this charming suit a military finish.

£4 10 6

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BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD, LONDON, S.W.

THE WORK OF THE NAVY: WARSHIP AWASH IN ROUGH WEATHER.

113 B

MIP

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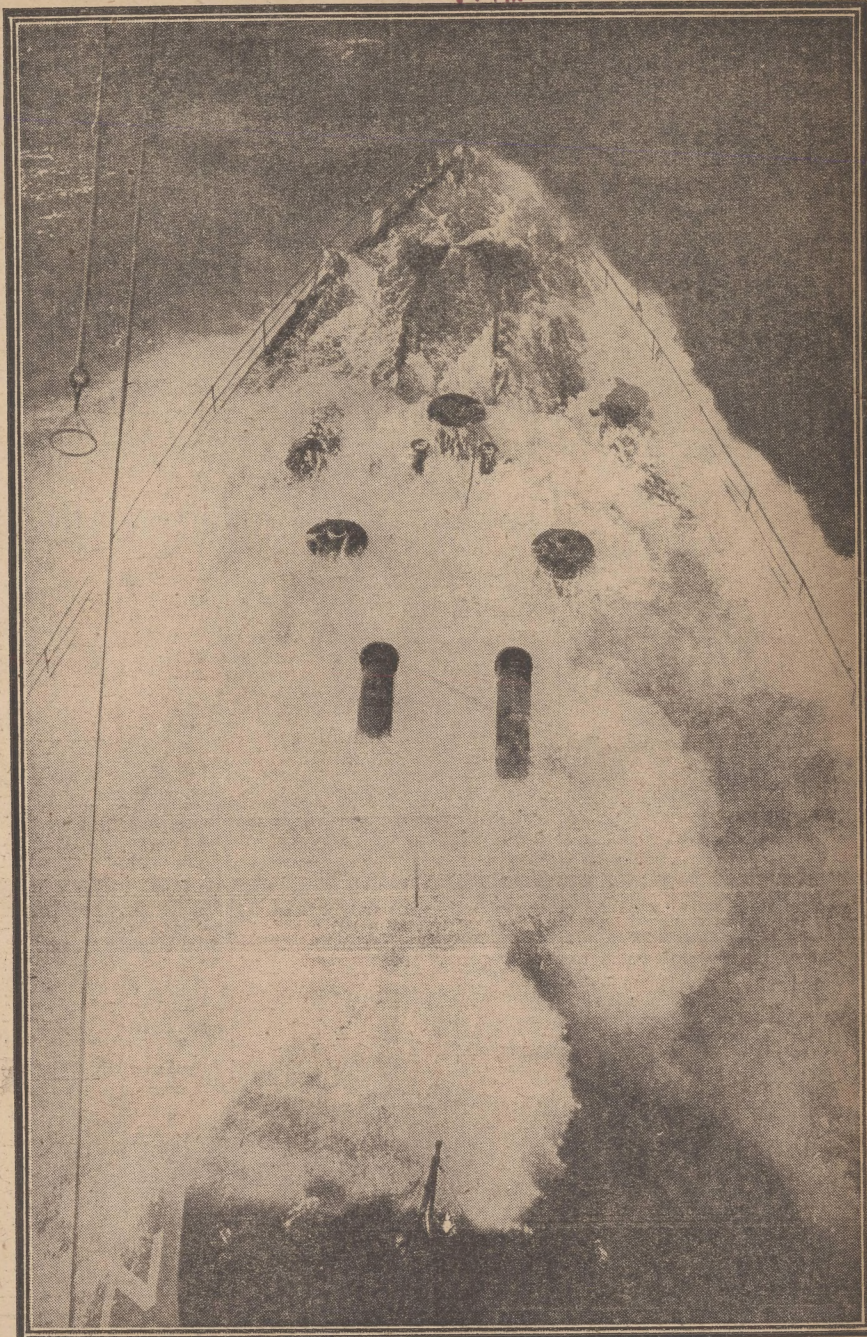
Shells which are being used to bombard the Germans on the Belgian coast lying on the deck of a British warship.

WATER TOWER SHELLED.

91909



The remarkable effect of gun fire on a water-tower which stands by the railway line in Poland. Much damage has been done.



This interesting picture was taken on board a British warship while it was patrolling the high seas. The weather was very rough at the time, and the deck is being washed by great waves. Little of it can be seen for foam, but the muzzles of two big guns are shown in the foreground.



OUR NEW SERIAL
BEGINS ON PAGE 7.



Richard
Chatterton, V.C.



WORKERS WARNED BY MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

Drink, Shirkers and Wages Disputes
"Imperilling Our Victory."

WORSE THAN SEA PIRACY.

"I say it is intolerable that the lives of Britons should be imperilled for the sake of a farthing an hour."

In these sharp and incisive words Mr. Lloyd George, speaking at Bangor yesterday, referred to the Tyne and Clyde engineers' dispute.

Some remarkably frank statements were made by the Chancellor.

"I wish to speak out plainly about the position of employees and workmen," he said.

"For one reason or another we do not get the assistance we have a right to expect from our workshops. Industrial differences are inevitable, but we can't afford them now, and above all we can't afford to resort to the usual methods."

"During war Governments should have the power of settling differences so that the work shall go on. If men are entitled to more money the Government should give it. We can't afford any delay."

"WE SHALL USE OUR POWERS."

"Most workmen are putting every ounce of strength into their work, but that is not true of all. Some men—a minority—are shirking their duty."

"I hear of workmen in armaments works who refuse to work the full week for the nation's needs. They are in a minority, but a minority can throw a whole workshop out of gear."

"It is due mostly to the lure of drink. Drink is doing more damage in this country than all German submarines put together."

"The Government are approaching this question not from the point of view of a social problem, but from the point of view of the efficiency of the workshops. We have great powers to deal with drink under the Defence of the Realm Act, and we mean to use them."

"We shall use them in a spirit of moderation, discreetly and wisely, but we shall use them fearlessly."

THE POTATO BREAD SPIRIT.

Other striking passages in Mr. Lloyd George's speech were:—

"We have every reason for confidence, but none for complacency. Complacency is the rust of a nation. We have to get things in Germany that should terrify us."

"Look at the way they make bread out of potatoes, they say. But in the potato bread spirit is something more to dread than to mock at, and I fear that more than I do Hindenburg's strategy, efficient though that may be."

"All along I have been convinced that the result of this terrible war will be a victory for this country, but it will not be secured without a long struggle. I want to bring home to my countrymen the work we are confronted with, so that they will leave nothing undone in order to secure a triumphant peace at the earliest possible moment."

"It is within their power to do so, but it is also within their power, by neglect and carelessness, to prolong the country's agony and endanger the completeness of the triumph."

"I make no apology for discussing on a Sunday the best means of securing human liberty."

"Germany made a quarrel with the same quiet deliberation as she would make with a dyke. It was the purest piece of brigandage in history."

(RMS NEEDED MORE THAN MEN.

"The Allies can muster 20,000,000 men, while our enemies can barely put half that number on the field," Mr. Lloyd George went on.

"But to-day we stand in need of equipment, more than of men. The war is to be won or lost by the shortcomings of engineers. We need men, but we need arms more than men, and every day that produced delay is full of peril to this country."

"We appeal for the co-operation of employers, workmen and the general public. The three must act and endure together. We require the aid of every man who can handle metal."

CLYDE STRIKE MORE HOPEFUL.

"The position of the Clyde engineers' strike is now much more hopeful, but a resumption can not take place till to-morrow at the earliest."

"The members of the London Executive are still in Glasgow, and will await the result of the five mass meetings to be held to-day. Every effort will be made at these gatherings to get a general restart immediately. The employers are reported to be willing to co-operate."

HAT-RAISING BARRISTER.

An adventurous evening walk was described at Bow-street on Saturday, when John Duncan, a barrister, of Pump-court, Temple, was fined 10s. and 18s. doctor's fees on a charge of drunkenness.

Police-constable Evans stated that at 7.30 in the evening the accused placed himself in front of a woman who was walking along New Oxford-street, and raised his hat. She appeared to be annoyed and walked away. A little later he did the same thing to another woman, who also resented it. Further along the street he bowed to a third woman, who walked away. He smiled at a fourth woman, and appeared to be about to take hold of her arm, when witness took him into custody. A doctor certified him to be drunk.

Defendant said the woman bowed to him, and he thought they were acquaintances.

PUPILS' "COAL" HOLIDAYS.

Fuel Famine That May Oust 3,000 Schoolchildren from Classrooms.

'WOOD HUNTING' EXPEDITIONS.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)
GILLINGHAM (Kent), Feb. 27.—The pupils at four schools in Gillingham were on two occasions last week sent home at noon, as there was no coal to heat the class rooms.

Unless normal supplies of coal are received it is probable that 3,000 schoolchildren may have to take a holiday during the coming week.

"Numbers of children were out 'wood-hunting' to-day—going out in the morning with little handcars and collecting any odd pieces of packing-cases and timber they might find in the streets."

Owing to the congested railway traffic and the difficulty of transport a serious coal famine is threatening this busy, densely-populated town.

An official of one large firm of coal merchants told me that they had fifty-four trucks of coal—540 tons in all—held up in various railway sidings, and there seemed little prospect of its arriving at Gillingham for some days.

In a tour of Gillingham to-day I discovered several homes where the housewife has been forced to burn odd pieces of wood—in some cases old chairs and old furniture—in order to cook food for the family.

REPLY TO SEA PIRATES.

Premier's Statement To-day on Allies' Retort to Huns' "Blockade."

A statement of supreme importance will be made by the Prime Minister in the House of Commons this afternoon when he introduces the further Votes of Credit required for the war.

Mr. Asquith will announce the Allies' reply to the German "blockade."

The two new Votes of Credit to be taken to-day are the following:—

1. A supplementary Vote of Credit for £37,000,000 to finance the closing days of the year, which ends on March 31 next.

2. A new Vote of Credit for £250,000,000 to finance the first few months of the new financial year, which begins on April 1.

The war expenditure which will fall within the current financial year is £362,000,000, made up as follows:—

Voted August 6	£100,000,000
Voted November 16	225,000,000
To be voted to-day	37,000,000
	£362,000,000

The second Vote of Credit which Mr. Asquith will ask the House of Commons to sanction to-day amounts to £250,000,000—the largest single amount yet demanded by the Government.

On the basis of the figures for 1914-15, this Vote will finance the war for about six months.

NO MARKET FOR CATS.

"We have now practically no demand for dogs, cats or pictures."

This statement was made to *The Daily Mirror* by the manager of a large business house which sells everything, from cats or a salpoumon to a £500 fur coat.

The Daily Mirror found in the West End of London that dealers in old china and other antiques are very hardly hit by the war.

Some of these are advertising reductions in prices ranging from 15 to 50 per cent.

OPERA IN LIEU OF WAR SERVICE.

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 28.—A telegram from Germany states that Siegfried Wagner has written an opera on the war, which is to be performed in the spring for the benefit of the German Red Cross.

Wagner offered his services to the German Army, possibly as chief bandman, but they were declined. Exchange.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Changeable; some passing rain, hail or snow showers; fair to fine periods. Moderate temperature.

P 14051



Private Symes saves at the expense of a corner. He kept goal for the Aldershot Command in their match against the Corinthians Under Arms at Queen's Club on Saturday. ("Daily Mirror" photograph.)

M.P.'S STAND IN TRENCH.

Major Morrison-Bell Taken After Fight Against Heavy Odds.

ALL OVER IN QUARTER-HOUR.

How he was captured by Germans is told by Major Morrison-Bell, M.P. for Houlton, Devon, in a letter to his wife from Friedberg, Hessen, Germany.

After telling how he went into the trenches with his comrades at a time when everything was so peaceful that the war seemed a hundred miles away, Major Morrison-Bell proceeds:—

"As I was passing my dug-out the signaller said: 'There is a message just come in for you.' It was to say that the Germans were expected to attack in twenty minutes, preceded by a heavy bombardment, and that my trench had been mined, and to let the Coldstreams know."

"Here was a nice little bolt from the blue! The men were in splendid spirits and soon got everything ready."

"Suddenly an inferno began. A mine exploded a few yards from where I stood. Tons of stuff seemed to come my way, and I remember bending my back to try and support the weight I could see falling. It knocked me down, but I was not buried."

"The explosion of the mine was the signal to the Germans, who were not a hundred yards off, to teach our trench."

"They came across in hundreds, and stopped on the edge of the trench, shooting down on it. What could 120 men do against that? They did all they could, and not a man left the trench."

"Against these crushing odds the right flank fought wonderfully, and the men were real heroes. I am afraid at least 100 were killed."

"The whole thing was over in a quarter of an hour. You could see Germans kneeling on the edge of the trench, shooting down on it. Three men left on my left, and one by one they were picked off. I realised suddenly I was alone."

"I stepped down into the trenches and squeezed against a little alcove and waited."

"Two men jumped down and covered me with revolvers, and said: 'I'm an officer.' They were very decent, and I felt I should not be killed."

FOE AIRMEN RESCUED.

Germans Landed at Lowestoft After Clinging to Wrecked Machines for Two Days.

After a terrible experience in the North Sea during the wreckage of their aeroplanes for two days and nights, two German airmen were landed at Lowestoft by a trawler and handed over to the Naval authorities.

The two airmen left Ostend yesterday week presumably to take part in the raid on Essex that was carried out on that day. Rough weather overtook them, and they fell into the sea forty miles off Cromer.

For two days and nights they clung to the wreckage, and during the hours of darkness they burned flares to attract attention. Finally, when utterly exhausted, and they had resigned themselves to death, the Lowestoft motor-trawler, *New Boy*, came in sight and they were hauled aboard. One of them was almost unconscious.

On arrival at Lowestoft one of the Germans remarked to Captain Dunnett, in command of the trawler, that they had been received like gentlemen rather than enemies, and that he could hardly believe that the English people could have been so hospitable.

LEAVES LINE TO MAKE COFFEE.

SWAKOPMUND, Feb. 27.—In a German letter found at Grootfontein (occupied by the Union force on February 23) the writer states that his brother is working with Maritz and his command and has made the acquaintance of the Boers, whom he characterises as "appalling piggy," and he considers that the average Boer does not stand much above the native. He believes it impossible for Boers and Germans to work together, as the Boer has no idea of obedience or discipline.

The Boer, he says, will leave the firing line to boil coffee, in spite of an officer, unless the latter has a good sjambok and a strong arm. The writer adds: "It is sad to have such allies!"—Reuter's Special.

OLD ETONIAN WHO PETITIONED TSAR.

Young Englishman Finds Quickest Way to the Front.

DASH TO PETROGRAD.

Mr. George Schack-Sommer, a Londoner and old Etonian, who has been awarded the Russian V.C. by the Tsar, is twenty-four years of age, and is believed to be the only Englishman serving in the Russian ranks.

In a letter to his family this intrepid young soldier says:—

"Tell any of my friends who suggest that it was unpatriotic of me not to come home to join the Army in England that I thought this was the quickest way to get to the front."

"Further, that I have a Union Jack in my pocket—it goes wherever I go, and I intend to plant it suitably on enemy territory."

When war broke out he was employed as a mining engineer in a gold mine in South Russia. He was so keen on getting to the front in the quickest possible way when England joined in the great struggle that he actually petitioned the Tsar to allow him to join the Russian Army, and the Tsar gave him his sanction.

The St. George's Cross for Valour—the Russian V.C.—has never before been given to an Englishman.

"BE A FATALIST LIKE ME."

Mr. Schack-Sommer was employed at the Tantalus Corporation Gold Mines, South Russia, and he offered himself for service in the Russian Army when war broke out.

His Russian friends, however, were astonished that he should voluntarily want to go to the war, in which his nation was then not concerned, and no military authority would take the responsibility of enlisting an Englishman.

As soon as England joined in the tried regiment after regiments, and without success, and eventually through friends in Petrograd he petitioned the Tsar and obtained his Majesty's sanction to join the Russian Army.

For a time Mr. Schack-Sommer served in Galicia on the staff of the Baron Scheremeteff, a military governor of invaded territories, and early in November joined the 12th Artillery Hussars.

With this regiment he went through the Dukla Pass of the Carpathians into Hungary, and it was during the fighting there that he won the St. George's Cross for successfully carrying out a difficult and dangerous reconnaissance.

JOURNEY IN TROIKA.

In an early letter home Mr. Schack-Sommer told how, after exerting much persuasion, he got permission to leave his employment. He travelled by troika to Mias, doing 210 miles in thirty-six hours.

He left Mias the same night that he arrived for Chotaniashuk, where he spent twelve hours, and "went on slowly via Ekaterinburg, Perm, Viatka, and Volodga to Petrograd, which he reached in six and a half days. The letter continues:—

"There is one thing I want to beg and implore you all," he added, "and that is not to be anxious on my account. Try and be a fatalist like me. The risk I run is not good enough to be little more than the danger of ascending and descending a mine daily."

"Be a fatalist—look at the duty standpoint—think of the Russian people I live with going off to fight for their country. Surely it would be terrible for an Englishman to sit tight and leave to others."

"Now, good-bye—please let me think that you are not being anxious, but realise that I am doing what is due to my country."

A letter which Mr. J. Schack-Sommer has received from a City man, who has not long since returned from Russia, throws further light on the old Etonian's determination to reach the fighting line at the earliest possible moment.

"BOY TO BE PROUD OF."

"On the assumption that you are the father of George Schack-Sommer," says the writer, "it may interest you to know that I met your son in Petrograd in October last, and he consulted me as to the quickest way of 'getting to the front'."

"As I was only able to assure him that it would probably be months before he was sent out if he came home to England and enlisted, he told me that was not the good enough way, and he intended to petition the Tsar to be allowed to join the Russian Army."

"Frankly, I was very sceptical about his success, but he stuck at it in the most determined manner, and finally obtained the consent of the Tsar to his petition."

"He was brought in contact with his Excellency Minister Timasheff, who introduced him to his brother—the Minister of the 12th Artillery Hussars—who enlisted him in that regiment and took him with him to Kiev."

"The last I saw of your boy was when he came to say good-bye to me the night he was leaving."

"He is a boy to be proud of, and I take the liberty of offering you my sincere congratulations on the great honour which he has won."

EMBANKMENT DIVE TO SAVE CHILD.

Whilst a little girl aged ten was playing with others on the Victoria Embankment near the Temple yesterday afternoon she fell from the Embankment wall into the river.

Frederick Wright, a Royal Naval Reservist, who was on look-out duty, by diving and plunging into the river from the steps and rescued the girl. There was only 6ft. of water at the point where Wright dived.

PLUCKY BELGIAN ARMY WINS SIGNAL SUCCESS ON ITS OWN SOIL.

Gunners Smash Enemy's Works and Infantry Take Yser Farm.

BOMBS ON OSTEND HARBOUR STATION.

French Make Splendid Progress in Champagne and in the Vosges.

DACIA CAPTURED BY FRENCH CRUISER IN CHANNEL.

Thate valiant fighting force the Belgian Army has won a signal success on its native soil. It has shown the hated invader that even if Belgium is a small nation it has got a smashing punch.

At Dixmude the Belgian gunners battered two of the enemy's works. King Albert's foot soldiers, too, occupied a farm on the right bank of the Yser.

Bravo Belgium! The French also have made splendid progress, taking German works and gaining ground in the Champagne. Progress has been made in the Vosges.

Ever since the German-American owner of the cotton ship Dacia decided to thrust his vessel into the limelight of the great war there has been much world-wide speculation as to when and where the British Fleet would seize her. There has been a dramatic end to the speculation, for the Dacia has been captured by a French cruiser in the Channel, and Brest is the destination of our Ally's prize.

ENTER FRENCH CRUISER.

German-Americans hoped—but it was always a futile hope—that by their intrigues they would entangle Britain and America in a delicate situation.

None of these plotters, however, bargained for the fact that a French cruiser would seize her, and the news will not fail to discomfit them. It brings home in picturesque fashion to the world the unity existing between the Allies. Touch one and all are touched.

The Dacia was bought from the Hamburg American Line, soon after the war broke out, by Mr. Edward N. Breitling, a German American, of Michigan, but the sale was not recognised by Britain.

It was with the object of provoking the American Administration to action on the question of contraband and the right to transfer interned ships that Mr. Breitling fitted out his vessel with a cargo of cotton destined for German manufacturers.

Needless to add, the capture of the vessel caused intense satisfaction in London. For if she had not been seized it was the intention of the Hamburg-American Line to sell all their ships held up in American ports, and thus defeat the success of Great Britain's command of the sea.

FRENCH WREST WORKS FROM ENEMY'S GRIP.

Over 1,000 German Soldiers Surrender During the Last Ten Days.

Paris, Feb. 28.—This afternoon's communiqué says:—

Near Dixmude the Belgian artillery demolished two of the enemy's works. Their infantry occupied a farm on the right bank of the Yser, and one of their airmen dropped some bombs at the harbour station at Ostend.

The Germans again bombarded Rheims. Some sixty shells were fired, half of them at the cathedral.

In Champagne important progress was made at the end of the day yesterday. We carried two German works, one to the north of Perthes, the other to the north of Beausejour.

In addition we gained ground between those two points, and to the north-west of Perthes we made 200 prisoners.

The total number of German soldiers who have surrendered during the last ten days amounts to more than 1,000.

There have been fairly lively artillery engagements on the Meuse heights.

In the Vosges—district of Hartmannsweilerkopf—we made some progress.—Reuter.

END OF DACIA'S VOYAGE.

Paris, Feb. 27.—The Ministry of Marine announces that the Dacia has been stopped by a French cruiser in the Channel, and is being brought to Brest.—Reuter.

Paris, Feb. 28.—The Matin, referring to the

capture of the Dacia, couples the case with that of the Wilhelmina.

"The Allies," says this paper, "will now be able to adjudicate on two cases of military contraband which German-Americans desire to raise in the hope of placing France and England in a delicate position with America."

"Of the two cases that of the Dacia is the more simple. International law plainly does not recognise purchases by a neutral of vessels belonging to a belligerent where the purchase is made to avoid the consequences of war."

"There can be no doubt, therefore, that the Admiralty tribunal will declare the capture of this German ship disguised as an American to be a valid capture."—Exchange Special.

SHIP OF SURPRISES.

The Dacia has had a most eventful career since the outbreak of war.

When hostilities began she was interned at Galveston, Texas, and it was while lying in dock she was sold to Mr. Breitling.

With the object of provoking the United States Administration to action on the question of contraband and the right to transfer interned ships, Mr. Breitling fitted out his vessel with a cargo of cotton destined for German manufacturers.

Then began the series of manoeuvres which the whole world has been watching with mingled interest and amusement.

The first port of destination was announced to be Bremen. Then, on second thoughts, this was changed to Rotterdam. Meanwhile rumours of seizure on the high seas grew more and more persistent.

Finally, with many misgivings on the part of the captain, the Dacia left Galveston on February 1, hugging territorial waters on her way.

Very soon afterwards the boat was held up again, a strike breaking out among the crew. She had put in at Norfolk (Virginia) on February 8. She left on February 12 for Rotterdam.

On Friday the world learned with a thrill of expectation that the boat had been reported by wireless 400 miles west of Land's End, and finally came the news of her capture.

"TRIUMPHAL SHOUTING" IN GERMANY TO CEASE.

Maximilian Harden Advise His Countrymen to Look at Things with Sober Gaze.

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 27.—The Lokalanzeiger reports a speech which Herr Maximilian Harden delivered yesterday in the Philharmonic Hall in Berlin before a large audience, among whom were the American Ambassador.

Herr Harden, after referring to the military situation, which finds the German troops standing on enemy soil in the eastern and western theatres, said:—

"The Allies have made fundamental miscalculations, even if our calculations, too, have not been in accordance with our expectations."

"For we did not beat the enemy in the west so quickly and decisively as to be able to direct our attention solely to the Empire of the Tsar, and even if the steam-roller which Russia set in motion has proved itself a roller without steam, nevertheless a situation has arisen which compels us to refrain from all triumphal shouting and to look at things with a sober and serious gaze."

"No second or third must follow this first Public war. But whether we bring this war to a triumphal conclusion or not, we are certain that the whole world recognises what Germany is capable of doing."—Reuter.

RUSSIANS DRIVE FOE BACK IN DISORDERLY FLIGHT.

Przasnysz Wrested from Germans, Who Retreat Over Large Part of Front.

PETROGRAD, Feb. 27.—On Friday the Germans took the defensive along the greater part of the front.

In the neighbourhood of the village of Charnevo a German battalion marched to the Bobr, and when part of the column had crossed the river the Russian artillery opened fire, and annihilated the enemy. Five officers and several men who survived were taken prisoners. At Ossowetz the Russian artillery successfully engaged the heavy batteries of the enemy.

In the region of Przasnysz the Russians continue to advance energetically. The Russians have taken the town of Przasnysz.

The German retreat over a large part of the front has the character of a disorderly flight.

The Russians have captured thirty officers and 3,600 men.

In East Galicia, in the Rosanov district, the Russians have repulsed stubborn Austrian attacks during the last few days, and have taken nineteen officers and 1,533 men prisoners and captured five machine guns.—Central News.

CHARGES OF ARMoured CARS.

PETROGRAD, Feb. 27.—Many heroic feats of arms were performed during the recent fighting. To the south-east of Przasnysz a German battery was stopping the Russian offensive and Captain Gwardoff determined to put an end to the nuisance.

Under a most murderous fire he sent several armoured motor-cars against the battery, and at a distance of twenty paces opened fire. All the gunners were shot down and the battery was silenced. The heroic captain himself was killed.

The troops captured Przasnysz after an extremely obstinate fight lasting all day.

The commanders of some regiments which have been marching night and day have reported laconically to their respective chiefs, "The enemy is in flight."

Since the beginning of the war the army under General Broussiloff has taken 1,900 officers and 186,000 rank and file.—Reuter.

"MY DEAR FIELD-MARSHAL."

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 27.—According to the Berlin Kriegszeitung, after the battle of the Mazurian lakes the Kaiser sent the following telegram to Marshal von Hindenburg:—

"My dear Field-Marshal General.—After the glorious Mazurian winter battle in which, under your tried leadership, my incomparably brave East Army tore from the enemy the last foot of our native soil, chasing his army far into his own country and crushingly defeating him, it is my ardent desire to thank you for all that you and your brave troops have now again done for the Fatherland, and I will give special expression to my royal thanks by conferring upon you the oak leaves of the Order Pour le Merite and appointing you chief of the Second Mazurian Regiment of Infantry No. 147."

"God be further with our just cause and give it many more such victories.—Wilhelm."—Reuter.

THE PRINCE AND "TEDDY."

NORTH-EASTERN FRANCE, Feb. 27.—An officer arriving here tells me that the Prince of Wales has paid a visit to the British lines at —.

His Royal Highness in particular inspected some of the heavy British guns, on which the gunners have bestowed various "pet names."

The Prince was much impressed by a great gun nicknamed "Teddy," and was amused on being presented to "George," "Mary," "Mother," and "Baby."—Central News.

DARDANELLES FORTS SMASHED BY ALLIES.

Warships Batter Down Four Turkish Strongholds—Straits Clear for Four Miles.

SAILORS' WORK ON LAND.

By the shells of British and French warships the four forts at the entrance of the Dardanelles have been reduced and the straits have been cleared for four miles.

Such was the gist of an Admiralty statement issued on Saturday, in the course of which it was announced that the new super-Dreadnought Queen Elizabeth, which is armed with huge 15in. guns, had taken part in the bombardment.

When the guns of the four forts had been reduced to silence, parties were landed from the Vengeance and the Irresistible and demolished three of the strongholds completely.

"EXCELLENT PRACTICE."

The following is the Admiralty's statement:—The entrance to the Dardanelles was guarded by four principal forts—namely, Cape Helles Battery, Fort Seddul Bahr, Fort Orkhanieh Tabia and Fort Kum Kaleesi Tabia, which will be described for convenience as A, B, C and D.

The weather having improved, the attack on the forts was resumed on Thursday morning at 10 a.m.

The Queen Elizabeth, Agamemnon, Irresistible and Gaulois began by deliberately bombarding Forts A, B, C and D respectively at long range.

Fort A replied, and one shell at 11,000 yards hit the Agamemnon, killing three men and seriously wounding five.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S FINE WORK.

The Irresistible and the Gaulois made excellent practice on Forts C and D, while the Queen Elizabeth concentrated with great accuracy on Fort A, putting both of its guns out of action by about 11.30 a.m.

The Vengeance and Cornwallis then ran in under cover of long-range fire and engaged Fort A at close range. The reduction of Fort A was completed.

Suffren and Charlemagne next delivered an attack on Forts B and D, advancing to within 2,000 yards of them. It was then seen that they were in no condition to offer effective resistance.

Vengeance, Triumph and Albion were then ordered in to complete the reduction of the forts. All four were reduced by 5.15 p.m.

Sweeping operations, covered by a division of battleships and destroyers, were immediately begun.

FORTS DEMOLISHED.

A report has also been received of the operations of the 26th. The straits have now been swept up to four miles from the entrance.

Albion and Majestic, supported by Vengeance, proceeded to the limit of the swept area and began an attack on Fort Burdanas (E) (four 5.9in. guns) and some new batteries which have been erected on the Asiatic shore.

After being shelled for some time the straits the enemy retired from the forts at the entrance, and during the afternoon demolishing parties were landed at Kum Kaleesi and Seddul Bahr from Vengeance and Irresistible.

Fort A, B, and C were then completely and Fort D partially demolished.

The enemy encountered in Kum Kaleesi were driven out over Mendere Bridge, which was partially destroyed.

Our casualties on the 26th were one killed and three wounded.

The operations are proceeding.

FORT BLOWN UP.

PARIS, Feb. 28.—Dispatches received by the Paris newspapers give the following details concerning the bombardment of the Dardanelles:—

The bombardment had disastrous results for the Turks. Fort Seddul Bahr blew up with the enemy garrison.

The use of the Turkish artillery was very bad. All the mines from the Nagara Pass have been fished up.

Seddul Bahr Lighthouse, at the entrance of the straits, is in flames.—Exchange Special.

PEERLESS BATTLESHIPS.

The Queen Elizabeth is one of the latest and most powerful vessels afloat. She has four sisters, which are all practically ready—the Warspite, Valiant, Barham and Malaya. These vessels have the following dimensions:—

Displacement: 27,500 tons.

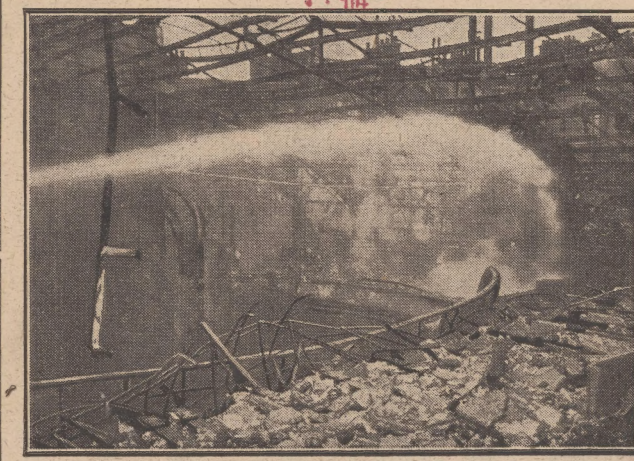
Length: 654ft.

Guns: Eight 15in., twelve or sixteen 6in., besides small armament.

Torpedo tubes, 21in.: Four submerged (broad-side).

Speed designed: Twenty-five knots.

In gun-power these vessels are unequalled. They can throw a projectile weighing a ton a distance of twenty-eight miles, thus outranging anything in the way of ordnance hitherto met.



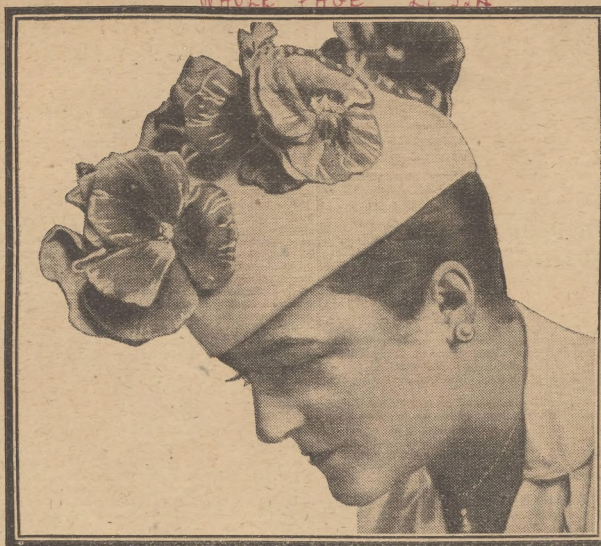
The Moulin Rouge, the best-known music-hall in Paris, after being destroyed by fire. Practically every tourist to the French capital paid it a visit, and the Red Mill was a famous landmark.

"KNEE ROOM" HAS NOW BEEN TAKEN AS ONE OF WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

WHOLE PAGE P. 254



A Redfern model of oyster-grey chiffon, trimmed bands and panels of satin, with satin coattee bodice worn over chiffon blouse.



Mlle. Delysia, the charming Parisian actress in London, has an original spring hat of white straw showing the new close-fitting turban shape, pulled down over the brow. The trimming consists of large pansies in natural colourings.



Spring suit showing close-fitting coat with short double basque and wide skirt.



A plain tailor-made suit introducing buttons as a novel form of trimming.



Buff-coloured suit by Redfern showing short coat, trimmed oval horn buttons, and new full basque worn with short full skirt.



A smart military tailor-made suit, from Martial and Armand, of navy blue serge trimmed with gold braid and buttons.—(Felix, Paris.)



Novel spring suit in green from Martial and Armand, trimmed smart military braidings and showing a full panel skirt.



Elegant suit of cream cloth, showing a loose coat with full flaring basque and tight sleeves worn with short hip-yoked skirt.—(Photograph, Henri Manuel.)



Officer's "short-warm" coat of pepper and salt woollen mixture, cut with wide circular flare and loose inset sleeves.



A coat and skirt for the slight girl, showing a double hip-basque, circular skirt, and military tab trimmings.

RICHARD CHATTERTON, V.C.

A Romance of Love and Honour.

By RUBY M. AYRES.



"A laggard in love and a laggard in war. What did they give him his manhood for?"

WHAT THE LISTENER HEARD.

SUNSHINE had been flooding the empty club-room when Richard Chatterton lowered his big frame carefully into the most comfortable chair he could find and prepared for sleep, but he awoke to the chill per of rain on the windows and the subdued murmur of voices.

He lay still for a moment, not troubling to open his eyes, and tried to recollect what day of the week it was.

The days were all so much alike to him—aimless, and devoid of any particular interest—the hours all a kind of apportioned time table by which he knew exactly when to get up, and when to sleep and when to change his clothes. A time table supervised by the irreproachable Carter, who ordered his life and saw that he kept his appointments.

The mind of Richard Chatterton, as he lay in the deep luxury of the chair with closed eyes, began to trail drearily away into the future, which seemed to be barred irrevocably on all sides by the graceful figure of his future wife.

Of course, Sonia was all right; she was quite the best-dressed girl he knew, and he had no doubt whatever but that they would rub along excellently well once they had settled down.

Yes, that marriage from all points of view would be most desirable.

He was tired of the aimless life he led. With plenty of money such an existence would be tolerable, but for a man of his slender means it was irksome. His union with Sonia would alter all this. It would enable him to get back to the old place again—to walk the velvet lawns and rose gardens of Burvale as his master once more, and not merely as a guest; to sit at dinner beneath the eyes of the old family portraits, and let them see that a Chatterton was once more in possession, instead of . . . Chatterton pulled his thoughts up sharply.

After all, Sonia's father had not been such a bad sort, and the old fellow was dead.

He had been generous, too, over the purchase of Burvale when his brain speculations and extravagance had forced young Chatterton to throw the old place into the market. It had been a god-send at the time, but afterwards—it had hurt astoundingly to realise that he was no longer its master.

But Pate had been kind to him, and soon, in a few weeks now, he would be back there again as Sonia's husband. She was very much in love with him—that he had no doubt—which would make things all the easier. And—well, he really was fond of Sonia, and this might so easily have been different.

They would do things in style now down at Burvale. He would have the stables altered for one thing, and a garage added, and buy a couple of new cars. It mattered nothing to Chatterton that the money would not be his, but his wife's.

To his way of thinking once they were married there would be no question of "yours" and "mine"—everything would belong to them both.

He meant to give her everything he possessed, so of course she . . . he paused, with a faintly uncomfortable feeling.

Everything he possessed was not so very much, unless one counted debts and liabilities. His own small private income was barely sufficient to keep himself. He frowned a little above his closed eyes. Still, Sonia knew all about that, and he had been ready to take him in spite of what she knew, and, after all, he was giving her a jolly good position in the world. But . . . and here the second annoyance of that morning obtruded itself.

Sonia and he had had a little—first of any consequence since their engagement. It had all started over nothing. As a matter of fact he could not remember its origin, but she had ended up by telling him she did not wish to go out with him as they had arranged.

He had laughed and tried to persuade her to kiss and be friends. She had refused; she had run out of the room and almost slammed the door, and he had had to come to the club.

Recalling the incident now, he supposed philosophically that all women had their moods. She would be all right if he left her alone for a day or two, let her see that he did not intend to take her seriously.

He dozed off contentedly, lulled by the chill stings of the rain on the windows and the subdued murmur of voices in the big room at his back only to rouse again almost immediately to the throbbing beat of a big drum in the street outside.

It was followed by the blare of a military band and the steady tramp of many feet along the wet road.

Chatterton scowled; what an unholy noise to kick up when a fellow was trying to sleep! Why on earth couldn't they march those soldier fellows about without a band, he'd like to know.

Someone in the room behind him scraped a

chair back across the floor and crossed to the window, where another man was already standing. Chatterton was sitting with his back to the window, his big body half-hidden in the depths of his chair, but though he tried not to listen, scraps of conversation floated distinctly across the big room to him.

"Fine-looking lot of fellows, aren't they? Wonder how many of 'em 'll come back." "He's dead to Jeddine, speaking. He seemed to talk of nothing else but the war."

"I'd have answered for a few Germans myself if I'd been ten years younger, or have known the reason why." "Old Jardine went on in his abrupt voice of his, which contained such a wealth of kindness. 'Why, when I was a boy I wouldn't have missed this scrap for worlds.'"

His companion laughed rather deprecatingly. "War was a civilised sort of thing when you were a boy—not butchery, like it is now."

That was Montague; Montague, who never lost opportunity to be mean; the luck that had landed him in a taxi smash a week before the outbreak of war, incapacitating him from active service.

A smashed kneecap and torn ligaments would render him lame for the rest of his life. "Interestingly lame," as Sonia had told him, kindly. Montague was to be best man at the wedding. The tramping feet had died away now—the rest of the band came on, but faintly from the distance; the voices over in the window reached Chatterton more distinctly. As he listened, he felt as though a stream of ice-water had been sprayed down his back.

"Why doesn't Dick Chatterton get . . . a great healthy fellow like he is! That's the sort of man they want—no responsibilities, any amount of stamina." "That was old Jardine then, when that speech was interrupted once more by Montague's lazy laugh."

"No responsibilities—when he's going to be married!"

"Fiddlesticks! Marriage can wait, and the war can't; and from what I know of Miss Markham, she's not the girl to keep a man tied to her apron strings when his country wants him. She'd send him off with a smile, and be proud to hear of his exploits. He'd show any signs of wanting to," he added dryly.

Chatterton felt the blood rush to his face. He was hinting—that he was afraid to go! "Dickie certainly seems rather to prefer the apron strings," said Montague, smoothly. "Besides, he's not likely to rough it in the trenches when he's got an armchair at home and an heiress with £20,000 a year waiting to marry him. There was a sort of bitterness in his voice.

"I can't quite see Chatterton minus an arm," said Montague. There was something contemptuous in his voice. And you can take it from my sharp speech, I'm not kidding. Playing the heavy Squire down at Burvale is more in his line."

Old Jardine looked round quizzically. "Bounded by me, was such a pal of yours," he said, rather shortly.

Chatterton had thought so, too. He continued to listen as though he had been turned to stone.

Montague did not answer for a moment, and when he did one could hear a shrug of the shoulders in his voice.

"Oh, he's a decent enough chap; but I can't stand the marriage of his. . . . He doesn't care two straws about her—it's only the money he's after. I believe he'd sell his soul to get Burvale back. Her father bought it, you know, and of course Chatterton gets it and she gets it. Playing her, and that's all that troubles him. With all this, what chance of happiness do you think she'll have with him?"

His voice had risen in his enthusiasm; old Jardine cut him off.

"That's her business, and his—eh?"

The other laughed a little shamefacedly.

"I suppose I shouldn't have said that, but . . . well, it's out, and I'm not taking it back; he ought to be jolly well ashamed of himself."

If Chatterton's life had depended on it he could not have moved at that moment to reveal his opinion; he felt as if someone had struck him a knock-out blow. His arms hung limply over the sides of the chair; he felt cold to his fingertips.

When next he could catch further words old Jardine was speaking again.

"Don't admire any man for marrying a woman for her money myself, but that may not be all you know. She's a very charming girl; quite possible that Chatterton cares for her quite apart from anything else."

"Chatterton never cared two straws for anyone in his life except himself. He—"

The door opened to admit another man then, and the conversation ceased.

SONIA'S STRANGE MOOD.

CHATTERTON waited till he knew Montague and Jardine had left the room then he climbed slowly out of his chair and stood with his back to the fire staring before him with blank eyes.

His mind was filled with a whirling conflict of emotions; he felt as though part of his world had fallen about his ears.

He tried to steady his thoughts and grasp what had been said.

Montague of all people! He was

to be his best man—who had pretended to be his best friend!

As yet blank amazement had not given way to anger.

He was vaguely conscious that a good many fellows would have bounced up and gone for Montague there and then; but that was not Chatterton's way; he was never impulsive, and he hated a row.

He tried to take life easily; to let it slip by without any friction.

And so they thought he was marrying Sonia for her money, did they? And—Burvale!

He looked into the recesses of his mind with sudden curiosity. Well—he supposed it was partially true; he was fond of Sonia, of course, but he wanted Burvale—he wanted it more than anything in the world, and marriage with Sonia would give it to him.

He knew almost every tree and stone in the garden; the rambling old house was alive with memories for him. It had been with deliberate intent that he had sought out old Markham's daughter when she had come to town under the chaperonage of Lady Merriam; when he proposed to her he had been thinking of the beauty of Burvale rather than those of the girl at his side. When she had accepted him, he had not thought so much of the good gift she had made him of herself as of the old home to which he would soon be returning.

But he was not intentionally doing a mean thing; he quite meant to be good to her and do his best to make her happy if she did not prove too exacting, and in his vain man's way he never doubted that she cared for him.

Her tremulous face when he asked her to be his wife—the happiness in her eyes, had told him more than any words could have done that she was glad.

But that was some months ago now, and lately . . . well, only that morning, before he came to the club and fell asleep, there had been that little breeze. Of course, it had only been a trivial thing, but—yes, she had certainly walked out of the room in a rage, and almost banged the door!

Chatterton smiled as he recalled the incident. He was very good to look upon as she stood there, but it was not desirable now. He looked what he was, just a healthy, well-set-up young Englishman who had slackened too long.

There was a slightly bored expression in his eyes and round his clean-shaven lips that spoke of too much unoccupied time; a sort of loose-end look about him that so irritated old Jardine.

"There ought to be a law to make a young fellow like that work," the old man once said, irately. "If he were son of mine, I'd tell him out without a shilling to his name and let him fend for himself."

Chatterton walked out of the club-room now, and sent for a taxi. The first shock of his surprise had died down. He told himself that he was perfectly willing to go off to the front, only that it was not quite fair to Sonia, as she was so fond of him, and they were to be married so soon. Then he felt a sudden twinge of conscience. A sort of uneasiness drove him to Lady Merriam's, where Sonia was staying. He felt that he must see her again and assure himself that the morning's fit had been really only a trial.

It was still raining a little as he drove away. The streets were wet and sticky; the March afternoon was drawing to a grey, dismal close.

He had been looking at the gutter with a bundle of papers under his arm shouting his news.

"Another German defeat . . . great casualties!"

Chatterton drew his shoulders together with a little shiver of distaste.

The taxi stopping outside a big, gloomy-looking house checked his thoughts. He had forgotten all about the war by the time he had happened and dismissed the driver and was handing his hat and coat to Lady Merriam's footman.

Miss Markham was in the drawing-room he was informed.

He cast a hurried glance at himself in a mirror and then followed the man to the door. He passed a rather self-conscious hand over the back of his hair; then he was in the room, and Sonia was looking up at him from her book.

"HE IS NOT A COWARD."

IT struck him inconspicuously that her manner to him had changed very much during the three months of their engagement.

It was not altogether pleasant to recall the shy manner in which he had looked at him from her pretty eyes the day he asked her to be his wife in the face of the cold unfriendliness with which she now greeted him.

She did not even rise from her chair, and after a moment's hesitation he bent and dropped a light kiss on her hair.

"Still cross with me?" he asked, whimsically.

She half shrugged her slim shoulders.

"You're not worth being cross with—it's waste of time."

"Good!" He smiled. He thought he was forgiven; he had even done opposite her and wondered what he could say next.

Sonia had not been altogether easy to get on with lately. She was inclined to snub him when he tried to be amusing. He had noticed it fre-

quently, and she-like old Jardine—was always talking about the war.

At the present moment a ball of khaki-coloured wool and a half-finished sock lay in her lap; they gave Chatterton inspiration.

He leaned over and touched the wool.

"Why don't you buy them, instead of bothering to make them?" he asked.

She lifted her eyes to his face; such pretty eyes they were, dark-lashed and frank.

"That's exactly the sort of question I should expect you to ask," she said. There was a touch of scorn in her voice. He looked a little puzzled.

"It would be much less trouble to buy them, wouldn't it?" he submitted, lamely.

There was a little silence; she moved her chair back beyond the reach of his hand.

"I suppose there is no fresh news?" she asked then.

"News?" Chatterton hastily stifled a yawn.

"No—I haven't heard any, except that Fraser's going to marry Lillian Banfield, and . . ." She interrupted him.

"I didn't mean that sort of news."

"Oh! . . ."

"I must war news."

Chatterton's brows contracted.

"I haven't seen the paper to-day—but old Jardine was ranting at lunch time as usual."

"Mr. Jardine is a dear."

Chatterton laughed, not very mirthfully. He was remembering the uncomplimentary tone of old Jardine's voice half an hour ago in the club. He got up and went to sit on the arm of her chair.

"Do you realise that a month to-day we shall be married?" he asked.

He spoke with slow deliberation, his eyes on her dainty profile. She did not answer, but with satisfaction that the colour deepened in her cheeks.

It had been just his imagination that she had changed towards him, he told himself; of course, she was just as fond of him as ever; they were going to be awfully happy. He slipped an arm about her shoulders, and turning her face to him—with a hand beneath her chin said:

"Kiss me, Sonia."

His eagerness surprised him; he really wanted her to kiss him. His heart-beats quickened surprisingly as he bent towards her. But Sonia held him off with a hand on his chest.

"Don't. I don't want to kiss you."

He let her go immediately; he felt hurt and chagrined; he rose to his feet.

"I think I'd better be going," he said contentedly. "You don't seem very anxious for me to stay."

"I don't know why you came. There was something pathetic in the hardness of her voice. Chatterton looked down at her.

"What's the matter, Sonia? What have I done? Hang it all, if you can't put up with me now for a few minutes, how are we going to manage when we're married?"

She rose then; she stood with her hands nervously clasped, looking up at him.

"I wanted to speak to you about that. I—I don't you think that we ought to put it off?"

He echoed her words.

"Put it off? Put what off?"

"The wedding . . ."

Her voice was a little tremulous. "It doesn't seem right somehow, with this dreadful war going on, to have a wedding and spend a lot of money . . ."

His face cleared; he laughed.

"Silly little girl! It's good for the country to have the money circulated; besides . . ."

He slipped a persuasive arm round her waist.

"Don't you want to marry me?" he asked. He was conscious of a very real desire for a return of her pretty, fond manner.

She stood very straight and stiff within the circle of his arm.

"I wasn't thinking of that," she said slowly.

There was something in her voice he could not understand, perhaps because he did not fully understand it. He supposed philosophically that she was like all women, subject to moods.

"I don't see the slightest need to postpone the wedding," he said, again presently. "The arrangements are all made, and besides . . ."

He stopped; he had been going to tell her how much he was looking forward to the happy times at Burvale—the plans he had made—but he overheard in the club that afternoon, the words seemed to die on his lips.

For the first time he wondered if she, too, believed that he was marrying her for her money and what it could bring him. He wanted to ask her to make sure; but it seemed such an impossible question.

His arm loosened, and fell from about her waist; he moved away a step.

Sonia stood looking at him from beneath her long lashes; there was curiously mingled determination and indecision in her delicate face. Suddenly . . .

"Why don't you tell your valet it's his duty to enlist?" she asked.

The words came out with a little rush as if she were half afraid.

Chatterton turned round slowly; his face was blank with utter amazement.

"Carter!—enlist!" he echoed incredulously.

(Continued on page 19.)

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
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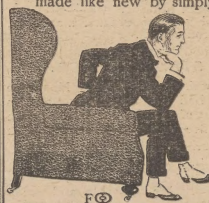
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THE MARCH THROUGH THE NIGHT: WORN OUT AND WEARY SERBIANS.

9.133 B



The unconquerable little army of gallant Serbia has done heroic deeds of bravery and endurance in its struggle against the vast armies of Austria. Here is a regi-

ment marching at night. The men on horseback have fallen asleep, worn out by continual fighting by day and marches by night.

JAPANESE HOSPITAL WORK.

9.64 E



The first photograph showing the work of the Japanese Red Cross in Europe. A Japanese nurse and doctor at work in Paris at the Hotel Astoria, now a hospital.

NOT DOWNHEARTED.

9.341 D



A party of Paris youths who belong to the 1915 class who have just been called to the colours. They are "mafficking" in Paris.

PUSSY IN THE TRENCH.

9.1905 E



This little white-faced cat is at present living in one of the British trenches in Flanders. The men have made it a mascot.

SAVES A HOT SHOT.

P. 17051



Symies, who kept goal at the military football match for the Alder-shot Command against Corinthians Under Arms, stops a hot shot and nearly ties himself in a knot.

PRETTY BLACK SATIN TOILETTE.

P.P. 324



A Réville and Rossiter toilette of black satin, the skirt trimmed with spiral bands of black velvet. The black satin bolero corsage with deep black velvet gauntlet cuffs on the sleeves has a white satin vest fastened up to the throat.

A REAL SPORTSMAN.

P. 424 C



Lieutenant J. W. H. T. Douglas, the famous cricketer and boxer, collecting for the military hospitals at the military football match. He stopped to pat a soldier's child's head.

WHITELEYS. WHITE SALE

Commences To-Day and Continues During the Week



"Rodona" Woven Wool Vest, low neck. Sale Price 4/6



N in's Voilant Dressing Jacket. White Cotton. Hand-Embroidered. Sale Price 6/11



Breakfast Gown. White Cotton. Grapes. Collar of Floral Voilant, trimme 'Val' Lace and Insert on. Sale Price 14/6



Cambrie Camisole. Trimmings Valenciennes Lace and Insertions. Sale Price 2/9



Plated Ribbed Vests, in large sizes. Sale Prices 1/11 2/6 2/11



Crochet-Top Combination, Ribbed make. Sale Prices 2/6 2/11 3/6



Swiss Ribbed Silk and Wool Dress. Sale Price 8/6



Useful Shirt, in Washing Wool Taffeta. Helio, Rose, Grey, Sky, Navy and Black Stripes on Cream ground. All sizes. Worth 10/6. Sale Price 5/11

Charming Crepe-de-Chene Blouse, in newest design, inset with hemstitching. All sizes. Ivory, Pale Pink, Navy and Black. Sale Price 12/-

Ideal Sports Corset, with Elastic above waist. Sizes 20 to 26. Sale Price 4/6. Higher grade Model, 7/11. In Tricot, 12/6



Cambrie Nightdress. Daintily trimmed Valenciennes or Torchon Lace and Swiss Insertion with V-shaped Neck. Sale Price 4/11. Outside 5/6

EXHIBITION OF FASHIONS DAILY.

Our buyers have now returned from Paris with the latest

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MARIA GUY, SUZANNE TALBOT, EVELYN
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Special Displays of these New Fashions are
now being held daily and early inspection
is cordially invited.

WHITE SALE CATALOGUE SENT POST FREE.



Cambrie Nightdress. Trimmings Swiss Embroidery and Insertion, with V-shaped Neck. Sale Price 3/11. Outside 4/6

Poultre's Can, 4/11

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Daily Mirror

MONDAY, MARCH 1, 1915.

FASHION IN A CRISIS.

ANY IMAGINATIVE PICTURE of the days before the flood—or indeed of any cataclysmic time such as the end of the world—would have to show us the naughty inattentive people, not only marrying and giving in marriage, but even doing such entirely irrelevant things as getting fitted with new clothes of more or less fantastic fashion—as though these would be needed in a time of fire or flood. What are you to do? You cannot by any amount of fluster—even Leo Adolescents now Redivivus cannot—get some people to take the business seriously. We feel we know what sort of talk went on in the pre-diluvial time. The Leo Adolescents of the period came rushing in, wagging a tail, so to speak, right and left, and said: "You nincompoops and drivellers!—can't you see that the end of the world is coming? Why on earth don't you lay down six new arks at least? What are you talking about clothes for?" And he had a stroke of apoplexy and died of a "terrible fit."

To which all the charming and frivolous women—but *were* they so very frivolous?—answered: "My dear Leo, don't! Now don't lose your head, Leo dear! We can't die with nothing on, can we? We can't go about, on the chance of a flood, looking perfect frights in bathing-dresses made of shining rubber? Business as usual, Leo. Come and look at the new hats. They are convertible, at will, into life-belts. Look, Leo Adolescents, look!" But Leo, as we said, had died before any of them.

And then the flood came and took them. And they collapsed in delightful semi-aqueous modes that harmonised with universal humidity. And on the surface of the vast waters floated a modish hat.

In fact, they died "game" and we rather like them for it.

Always, in times of crisis, fashion thus refuses to give in. In the Revolution, over there in Paris, did they not have their head-dresses à la guillotine, their scarves à la nouvelle Héloïse, those sweet simplicities of the Year One of the Republic? Was Paris ever more modish than in the days when the exquisites of the Directorate paraded that Palais Royal coloured by Debucourt? Let our grave heads learn that women do not give up these ephemeralities because there's a revolution or a flood or a war or a final fire on. No; a blouse à l'eau profonde for flood time; in anticipation of a world combustion, a coiffure à l'incendie; and now, for European war, full skirts and those other varieties our pictures exhibit this morning.

We conclude: Wars are matters of the moment; revolutions change only surfaces; fires and floods affect buildings, not the essence of human life. What endures is the need for a little novelty from time to time, and this is what we get nowadays from fashion—that is, from the fashions for women, since men's clothes interest nobody, not even the men themselves. W. M.

IN MY GARDEN.

FRN. 23.—During March many beautiful bulbs may be planted in the garden. In a half-shady position, where the soil is deep, sandy and rich, lilies will do well. Longiflorum (St. Joseph's lily), with its large trumpet-shaped flowers that first appear in August, is one of the most precious sorts. Speciosum, auratum and the tiger lilies must also be grown.

Early gladioli, ranunculi, galtonia candelans (tall spikes of white bells), monarda and tigridias may be set out during the next few weeks. E. F. T.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

What does your anxiety do? It does not empty to-morrow of its grief, but it empties to-day of its strength. It does not make you escape evil; it makes you unfit to cope with it if it comes.—*Ian Maclean.*

LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

DO THEY LIKE FRENCH GIRLS BETTER?

I HAVE a young and impressionable brother in a cycling corps which has been for months "somewhere in France." A week or two ago he was able to come home on leave, and, naturally, we eagerly looked forward to the stirring accounts he would give of dispatch-riding, etc. Imagine then our dismay at finding him little inclined to talk of his work, but much inclined to talk of the charms of French womanhood, to the study of which he seemed to have given a good deal of time at the various "billets" he had had. He declared that English girls "simply aren't in it" with their French cousins. When I asked why he said: "Well,

domestic. I have a friend who has tried them as mother's help, and finds them very much less helpful than a Scots or French girl." AN EDINBURGH HOUSEWIFE.

THE FULL SKIRT.

I HAVE been much interested in the letters from your correspondents with regard to the revival of the full skirt.

There is no law against any woman wearing a narrow skirt if she pleases, even though Fashion says she must wear a full skirt, but why should the correspondents not be able to brush a little mud off the full skirt if they get any on it? They should consider that a drastic change of fashion means work for thousands of women. As a matter of fact, the introduction of full

THE NEW FICTION.

Our Serial To-day Foreshadows the Popular Taste for Wartime.

JANE AUSTEN'S EXAMPLE.

SURELY the classical instance of a remarkably peaceful fiction in war time is Jane Austen's.

That dear lady wrote all her novels in the frightful Napoleonic wars of a century ago. And now those who know little or nothing about the wars of that day know and love Miss Austen. Yet she seldom writes about the war-like matters of her day.

One sees that she greatly admired sailors, though. Were not her brothers in the Navy? The brother of Fanny in "Mansfield Park" was a sailor, and in that novel the ships of England are ever in the background. I often wonder with what feelings the contemporaries of Jane Austen read and enjoyed her novels. Did they complain that they were not "about the war"? Or were they soothed and refreshed by the aloofness of these carefully observed pictures of the country life of the period?

But, then, one must remember, after all, that the Napoleonic wars did not affect the economy of the whole of Europe quite in the sense that the wars of to-day do. No one alive now, surely, is unaffected, and this is due to our great and comparatively recent system of international credit and finance. So I doubt if to-day the attitude of a Jane Austen would be possible, though there may still be a few persons of literary genius who have shut themselves away in lonely farmhouses to get away from it all, and these may even now be inventing detached romances for the delectation of the future. I doubt if there will have much success at the moment, however.

L. N.
Moreton-road, Oxford.

FOR RECRUITING.

YOUR idea of a new serial that shall include some of the romantic problems now arising is excellent. I think our novelists might realise that, if we don't all want "stiff about the war," we at least want something different from the stuff that passed muster of old.

Great things have been achieved in the past by means of novels—sometimes by silly and mistaken books. The good sort may do much good. What did not "Oliver Twist" and the other "thesis novels" of Charles Dickens effect for the good of the age in which they appeared? So I see no reason why a novel should not help to bring in more or as many recruits as the cinema-drama or the song in the music-hall. I hope your serial will make an appeal in an absolutely irresistible manner to all our young men who have not yet heard the call of their country in time too old to serve.

BRING OUT THE BEST.

I QUITE agree with "An Invalid Reader" that people do not want to read actual war stories dealing with guns and shells and the grim horrors of war. But I am looking forward to Miss Ayres's new serial in *The Daily Mirror*, for I feel sure that she will only use the war as a background, and the theme itself will be a love romance. I think just now that a serial in which the hero wears khaki will act as a splendid recruiting medium. Girls will read it and will persuade their sweet-hearts to join the Army.

I should say that Miss Ayres's new story will have a stronger and wider influence than any serial that has been published for many years. So far all the war stories that have been written seemed to have missed the point entirely. As a matter of fact, it has been exactly the same type of fiction that is published during all the years of peace. There is a change, however, in the characters, human beings blown to pieces, etc. Truth may be a bit stronger than fiction, but that is all. Let us by all means have a story in which war is used to bring out the best in a man. D. M. H.

THE QUESTION OF FASHIONS IN WARTIME



Should women talk about dress, and ought they to change their fashions in wartime? Some of them made good resolutions not to, but temptation proved too strong, and modes even weirder than the old ones are upon us for the coming spring.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

you know, jolly sight better-looking—our girls are wax beside 'em. What's more, they're not nearly so glum; they do try and cheer a fellow up—and, my word, can't they cook and house-keep on next to nothing! Then look at 'la dot'—only sensible, I call it! Besides, they don't round on a chap, like our little lot do, for not making a pile. Nearly all my pals are struck." Not very elegant, perhaps, but expressive and calculated to make us look to our laurels, isn't it? ROSENA.

THE SCOTTISH HOUSEWIFE.

I NOTE your correspondent's remarks about German hausfrau. The middle-class woman in Scotland usually contents herself with one servant.

She not only makes beds and does light dusting and much of the cooking, but she does all the marketing.

Like the quoted German hausfrau, she works in house all morning, shops for next day in the afternoon, then makes a call or two, and has time for sewing in evening. She does not content herself with "drawing up a list for her cook to get at the market."

The new race of German girls is not very

skirts (all clear the ground at present and are, therefore, quite clean), is a very good move in wartime, because selfish women will have to spend money that otherwise they would hide away in the long stocking. N. B.

LIFE AND LOVE.

I. Fast this life of mine was dying, Blind already and calm as death, Snowflakes on her bosom lying Scarcely heaving with her breath.

II. Love came by, and having known her In a dream of faded lands, Gently stooped, and laid upon her Mystic charm of holy hands;

III. Drew his smile across her folded Eyelids, as the swallow dips: Breathed as finely as the cold did, Through the locking of her lips.

IV. So, when Life looked upward, being Warped and breathed on from above, What sight could she have for seeing, Evermore . . . but only Love! —E. B. BROWNING.

FIRE GIRL AT WEDDING.

P. 16049



Little Miss Marjorie Adams, daughter of Chief Officer Adams, Hendon Brigade, at the wedding. She is a recognised officer.



This was the "lucky slipper" on the car. The wedding of Mr. Stanley W. Thorpe, chief officer of the Hendon Fire Brigade, and Miss Beatrice Maud Javaleau at Hendon. A fireman's boot was used as a "lucky slipper" on the bride's car.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



Mr. Stanley W. Thorpe and his bride, Miss Beatrice Javaleau.

CONSTANTINOPLE: THE PRIZE FOR



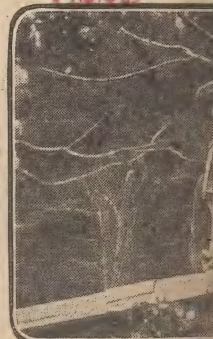
Here is a panoramic view of Constantinople, the capital of Turkey, which

ONE OF THE FAMOUS BRITISH 6IN. GUNS.

P. 16158

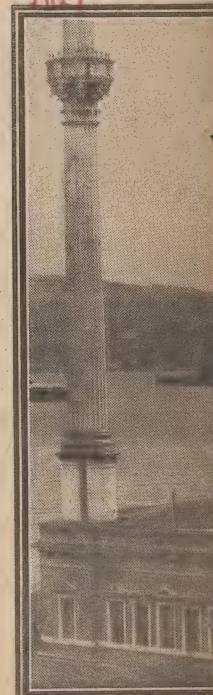


At the beginning of the war the Germans showed themselves superior to the Allies in artillery. The position has been reversed since the arrival of the French "75's" and the famous British 6in. guns. One of these is shown here in position.



A bluejacket at our Embassy jackets will

P. 16159



A view of the Bosphorus, with ground. Our battleships are of the Allied Fleets are being patience. The Queen Elizabeth the ves

THE HAPPY BRIDE.

ADMIRAL'S FRIEND.

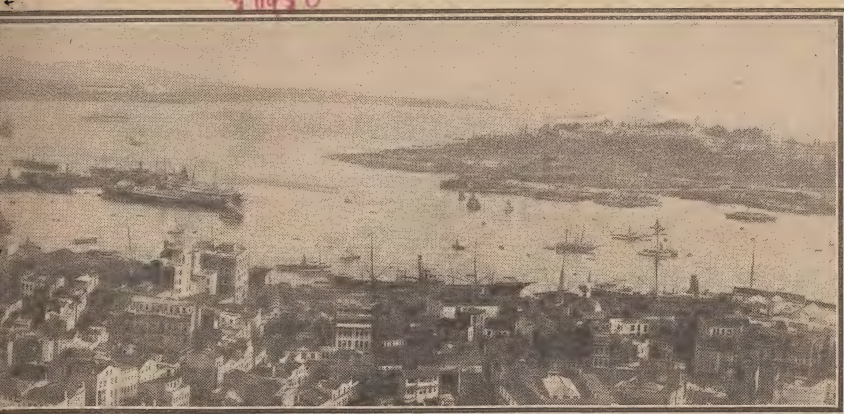
P. 16176



Freda Uden, the ten-year-old Godalming girl who has received such friendly letters from Admiral Jellicoe in return for her knitted mufflers. She will treasure the letters all her life.

ALLIES BEHIND THE DARDANELLES.

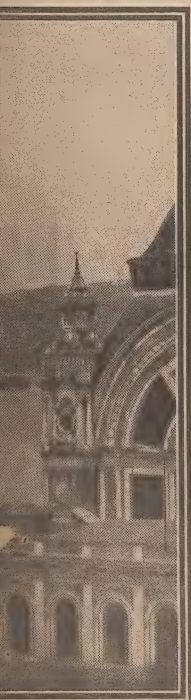
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Constantinople to be captured by the Allies after the attack on the Dardanelles.



Constantinople. British blue again.



British battleship in the background again, and the operations are being conducted with notable vigour and the largest battleship, is among the fleet.

EVEN THE FRENCH FIREMEN ARE ARMED.

8.726.8



Practically all men are armed in France now. Here is a party of French firemen marching through a town. They have been engaged in salvage work, but still carry their rifles and packs.

GOLDEN CROSS.

7.2167



Lady von Slatin, who has been given the Golden Cross for her work with the Austrian Red Cross Society. She has organised their field hospitals and worked ungrudgingly on behalf of the wounded.

AMID SAND DUNES.

8.218.10



Cyclists in "sham fight" with their machines on their backs. The new cyclist section of the British Army is attracting much attention just now. Splendidly trained, the men are provided with folding bicycles. They are really infantry, and can line the trenches.

CYCLISTS' "PUNCTURE."

P. 1705.1



Captain Russell Edge, of the 19th Division Cyclist Corps, with the cyclist's mascot bulldog, which is called Puncture.



Cyclist with his machine folded in two.

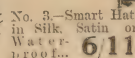
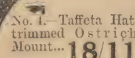
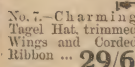
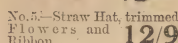
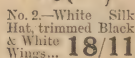
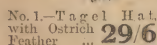
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FAMOUS ENGLISH ACTRESS WEARS A REMARKABLE WALKING COSTUME.



A raincoat of masculine persuasion repeating the military collar, Raglan sleeves and large pockets.



Miss Violet Vanbrugh, the famous actress, wearing her new unconventional "walking out" costume. It is designed on the Apache model. Miss Vanbrugh calls it "my comic" costume. It is most comfortable.



The severity of a black velvet turban pulled over the brow is here relieved with enormous hatpins fixed jauntily in front.



A plain morning frock by Gault carried out in striped material, emphasising the charm of tucks on a plain skirt.



A demure Parisian model by Rivain, showing the new effect in a gauged waist-line and the loose cross-over bodice.



Herr Bethmann-Hollweg.

A Rude Chancellor.

I met a friend from New York at the Ritz on Saturday. He had been in Berlin on a commercial mission. "The high German officials in Berlin," he said, "really seem to believe they are supermen, and even try to dictate to the American Ambassador. Not long ago, when the American Ambassador and an official of an American relief committee called upon the Chancellor, Bethmann-Hollweg, the latter haughtily refused to conduct the conference in English. 'I will not speak English,' he shouted."

The Uncouth Hun.

"The American Ambassador reminded him sweetly that English was the official language of the United States Government. The German, however, said: 'No, no English! We'll speak in French.' As the trio's French was not fluent, and as the German became angry, he lapsed into English again. The Chancellor's conduct is the scandal of the American colony in Berlin. But, then," said the American, "nobody nowadays expects a German official to act like a gentleman."

Lydia in Petrograd.

I had a friendly little letter from Lydia Kyasht this week-end. She is now in Petrograd, where, instead of bewitching people with her beautiful art, she is nursing the wounded. It would be difficult to conceive a more charming nurse, as you will see for yourself from the photograph she enclosed. Mlle. Kyasht wrote to me in answer to a challenge of mine. When I saw her last it was at the Coliseum, and I could hardly get near to her for boxes.

A Barricade.

Mlle. Kyasht told me from behind a small barricade of packing-cases that not only had she collected them herself, but that she was going to take them to Russia herself—every

P. 24059



Miss Lydia Kyasht.

one of them! I laughed, and said that it was absolutely impossible—a portion of a cigar might arrive, or a broken pipe; but that would be about all. Well, I was wrong.

Looked Like a Circus.

In her letter, Mlle. Kyasht says: "Well, I did arrive. And with all my boxes. You never saw such a sight in your life! I looked like a travelling circus all by myself. But I stuck to them all the whole way through. I must say it seemed to me that my wonderful collection was received with much more enthusiasm than my dancing is. . . . I am glad to say that my husband (Captain Ragosin) has almost recovered from his wounds."

M.P.'s Fight in Trenches.

Major Morrison-Bell's vivid story, in the letter to his wife, of his fight in the trenches and subsequent capture by the Germans has, I hear, been much discussed in political circles during the week-end. The major and his twin brother, Captain Morrison-Bell, are popular figures at Westminster.

The Twins.

"How extraordinarily alike they are in appearance! I have known them both by sight for some years, yet even now, sometimes in doubt as to which is the captain and which the major. There are many M.P.'s who are almost always in the same predicament. Is it to be wondered at, therefore, that questions put and speeches made by one of them in the House of Commons are often inaccurately attributed to the other in the public Press?"

Julia as Juliet?

On another page of *The Daily Mirror* to-day you will see the latest photograph of beautiful Miss Julia James, who is at present bewitching London in "Florodora." From what I hear, it will not surprise me if, in the autumn, Miss James appears in a great Shakespearean production. Certainly she would make the loveliest Juliet that our stage has seen for over a generation.

Good-bye Beauty.

I looked in at Drury Lane on Saturday night to see the finish of "Sleeping Beauty." There was a crowded audience, and everybody seemed highly amused at the antics of the comedians, except, perhaps, Mr. Hall Caine, who was present looking rather depressed. Mr. George Graves made a little speech suggesting that he had enjoyed the pantomime for three years quite as much as the public.

Supper Afterwards.

After the show most of the Lane people, headed by Mr. Arthur Collins, retired to their accustomed haunt, Romano's. Here there was supper, and a dance went on cheerily until three o'clock. People really appreciate an extension in these days.

Happy London.

I have never seen London more crowded than it was on Saturday night. Pleasure-seeking crowds swarmed everywhere, and for the restaurants and theatres it was not a case of "Business as usual," but "Business is exceptional."

House Full Restaurants.

To find a corner in an "eating-house" was like finding diamonds in the street. "House full" was the hurried remark of the head waiter at the Piccadilly, and the same story was told at Prince's and elsewhere. Finally some friends and myself squeezed ourselves into the Café Royal.

Sold Out.

There was not much elbow room, but we managed to get something to eat. Then came the problem of disposing my friends in a theatre. I was bespoken myself for the revival of "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," but I took my friends round first to settle them for the evening. Box-office after box-office refused to take their money. The theatres were sold out everywhere.

We Tried Everything.

After we had tried almost everything, from His Majesty's to the Alhambra and the New Middlesex, one of my friends remarked: "Oh, let's go to Westminster Abbey." That, unfortunately, was closed. In the end my friends went to a concert.

Sweet Nell.

A great audience welcomed the return of "Sweet Nell of Old Drury" to London at the Strand Theatre. Nell Gwynne was always such a typically British woman that we like her very much just now. And, of course, Miss Julia Neilson is the most charming stage Nell imaginable. The play looks like having another long run.

Kindly King and Kindly Actor.

I should think Mr. Fred Terry enjoys himself immensely as King Charles. He plays the half-veiled, cynical monarch to perfection, and never lets you forget that at his worst Charles was kindly at heart. Which reminds me that the actor himself is one of the kindest-hearted men on the English stage.

A.B.C.

Reporting our Navy's action in the Dardanelles, the Admiralty observes: "Forts A, B and C were then completely demolished." "It's as simple as A.B.C." is now an old phrase with a new meaning.

The "Lizzie."

The men in the Navy have named our super-Dreadnought The Queen Elizabeth "Lizzie." The name is likely to stand after her exploits in the Dardanelles.

The Singer of "For Me."

A friend of mine, a dramatic critic and a brilliant musician, wrote me a letter the other day saying he was sick of classical art. "Let us go together to the Holborn Empire," he continued, "and hear Harry Champion and Fred Earle sing some comic songs." I agreed, but now comes the news that poor Earle has died suddenly. The singer of "For Me" and "Seaweed" had a personality all his own.

Fashion Conquers All.

I have just been hearing some most amusing gossip from a fair neutral whose interests are mainly centred in the direction of fashion, and who paid a flying visit to Berlin. The German authorities and professors have been doing their utmost to "emancipate" the lady Hun from Paris fashions.

Here Enters Paris.

One of the best Berlin dressmaking houses hired a large suite of rooms in the Hotel Adlon in Berlin last week and held a "Paris fashion week." The ideas of the Paris fashions had been imported via Zurich, and no actual dresses were shown, only sketches. And, of course, there were no midinettes to show off the fashions.

The Poisoned Ring.

The Comtesse de ——— has sent the following letter to the French Press: "The Germans pillaged my chateau, and I know from my steward, who escaped and came to Paris, that among other things they stole from the boudoir adjoining my room was an ancient ring which last July I placed in a drawer."

"Give It to the Kaiser."

"But I prefer that the ring should be worn by the burglar. The heat of the finger stimulates a poison which slumbers in the stone. This is not the place to narrate the history of this terrible ring, which has played an historic rôle. Suffice it to say, that whoever carries it on his finger will die in two weeks' time. It is beautiful enough to be offered to the Kaiser, and my most ardent wish, as a Frenchwoman, is that he should accept it."

Gretchen's Naval Hero.

It appears that on his return to Wilhelmshaven, after sinking the Ben Cruchan and several other harmless British merchant steamers, Lieutenant Hersing, the commander of the German submarine U21, found any number of presents from every part of Germany awaiting him. There were also several offers of marriage from the blonde daughters of the Fatherland.

Politics and Boxing.

I went out to Whetstone yesterday to have a chat with Frank Moran, who is training there for his great contest with Bombardier Wells at the London Opera House on March 29. The big dentist from Pittsburgh loves boxing, but he will not talk about it. At the moment Moran appears to be more interested in President Wilson's chances at the next election than in anything else. He thinks those chances rosy. "The American people know now that Wilson's attitude over the Mexico trouble was right and that armed intervention would have been wrong," said Moran. "He will be President again, sure. It's as certain as I shall beat your Bombardier."

Hot Stuff.

"Had a fire at the Moulin Rouge, have they?" remarked the Cockney joker. "Well, it was always a very warm place."

A Tea Matinee.

"War Emergency" tea matinees seem to be becoming more and more fashionable. I looked in at the ninety-second of these concerts, which was held at the Carlton Hotel, and found a large audience of men and women enjoying a long and interesting programme of music and singing. Mr. Isidore De Lara, the well-known composer and the organiser and originator of these "War Emergency" matinees, was there. At the close of the afternoon he sang "The Garden of Sleep" very charmingly.

"Kiss Curls" Come Back.

After the concert there was tea in the lounge and, judging by the large quantities of éclairs and pastries eaten by the guests, music is a splendid fillip for the appetite. Several of the younger women present, I noticed, were wearing "kiss curls," and they looked very charming indeed. The "kiss curl" has evidently come to stay.

THE RAMBLER.

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WOMAN'S WEEKLY

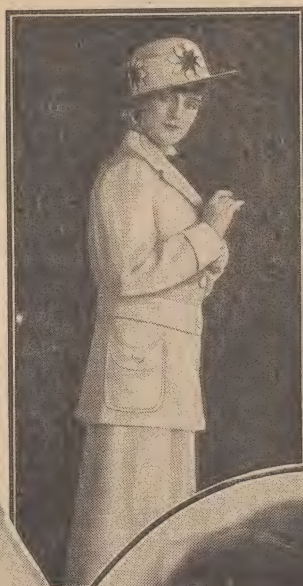
Big Spring Cleaning Number

CHARMING PICTURES OF THIS YEAR'S NEW FASHIONS—NOTE THE FULL SKIRT EFFECTS.



Reception gown of taupe satin with loose bodice, tulle tunic and skirt banded with skunk.

Suit of white cloth with plain short skirt and simple belted coat with patch pockets.



Tailored blouse of green and white striped linen, with convertible high collar and straight cuffs.



Gown of beige pongee, piped with red taffetas, showing long ruffled sleeves, and belt of red suede.



Parasol of black and white striped taffetas and velvet.



Petal parasol of rose-pink stretched taffetas.



The simple high coiffure, which reveals the ear



Evening dress, with rose faille corsage, and white taffetas skirt with lace flounces.—(Photograph, Felix, Paris.)



Suit of white broad-cloth, with short circular skirt and loosely-fitting short belted coat.

Turn to Page 7 for the Opening Chapters.

RICHARD CHATTERTON, V.C.

A Romance of Love and Honour.

By RUBY M. AYRES.

(Continued from page 7.)

"Yes." She faced him steadily enough now. "He's young and strong and unmarried. I believe he would have gone over so long ago if it hadn't been for you. Of course, I know he doesn't want to leave you, but—"

He began to laugh. "My dear child, you're not serious, are you? How on earth do you think I could manage without Carter? Why..." he broke off with an uncomfortable feeling. "You might as well insist that every one of the servants down at Buryvale rush off and join the Army..."

"They have gone—those who are able." He stared at her—then he shrugged his shoulders. "I'm glad to hear it," he said dryly. "Unfortunately, I can't spare Carter." He smiled at her serious face. "Sonia, have you got bitten with recruiting fever? You'll be trying to pack me off next, and Montague..."

"Mr. Montague would have gone if he hadn't had that accident."

"So he says..." She flushed hotly. "So he would have done—he is not a coward." Chatterton's face grew grim; he was remembering what he had heard Montague say that afternoon; it had been playing the coward then, at any rate, to strike at a friend behind that friend's back.

"I am not so sure," he said deliberately. She was staring at him with something like fear in her eyes.

"Richard—have you... you and Mr. Montague quarrelled?"

Something strange in her voice arrested his attention; for a moment he did not answer, then he said, "Why should we quarrel?" he asked slowly.

She made a little gesture with her hands. "Only because of what you said—I thought—perhaps..." she broke off. "Oh, I can't understand you—I can't understand you," she added pitiously. "If you care anything for me—if you really want to marry me..."

He had taken a step towards the door, but now he came back—there was a sort of anger in his eyes.

"Of course, I want to marry you," he said. "And I'm sorry if I've upset you in any way. Cut the wedding if you like and we'll get married at a registrar's. He put an arm about her once more, bending towards her. "Kiss me, Sonia, and let's be friends."

But she broke away from him.

"I don't want to..." She began to cry. Chatterton stood by gnawing a lip; he knew very little about women; he could not see that beneath this inexplicable mood was a real longing for him to try and understand her—a plea for some proof of his love, some spontaneous affection. He was a thousand miles from guessing at the real cause of her distress.

"It's no use my staying," he said. "We seem to get on one another's nerves this afternoon. I'm sorry if I've upset you—I'm afraid I don't understand women. When we are married..."

She looked up, her eyes flashing fire through their tears.

"We may never be married!" she said stormily. He shrugged his shoulders. After a moment he walked from the room.

THE VOICE ON THE 'PHONE.

HE was ruffled and angry; he walked some way down the road before he realised that it was raining fast; then he stopped and looked about for a taxi.

The evening hung on his hands, long and empty; he had intended spending it with Sonia at Lady Merriam's, but now that was impossible. He could not understand her in this mood; he could not imagine what he had done to upset her.

As for the ridiculous question about Carter—he tried to dismiss it with a shrug; it was absurd to expect every man to go to the war. A taxi driver, answering his hail, glided up to the kerb. "Where to, sir?"

Chatterton hesitated—where the dickens could he go?

If he went back to his rooms the sight of Carter would only irritate him; if he went to the club... a sudden resolution came to him; he would go to Montague's flat and have it out with him. For once in his life he was just in the mood for a row; Montague should be made to apologise. He remembered with chagrin that Montague was still virtually an invalid; one could not obviously black a man's eye when that man was at a physical disadvantage, and yet... Chatterton felt that it would have been a wonderful relief to his ruffled feelings.

He was surprised at himself; violence was not usually at all in his line; the last time he had ever used his fists had been during his last term at school, and he remembered that he had decided got the worst of it.

This was proving to be a most unpleasant day, taken all round.

THE FRENCHWOMAN'S COMPLEXION.

The Frenchwoman's complexion is often the envy and the despair of her British sisters. How is it that she succeeds in keeping her youthful looks far into middle-age and the Englishwoman fails to do so? Apathy and ignorance are the reasons. Until time and neglect have left their impress on the face, the average Englishwoman doesn't bother about the appearance of her skin. She is content to let well alone. But the thousand and one who buy the Pomegranate Skin Food are assured of a clear skin and a charming complexion. An eightpenny jar will show how easy it is to retain a youthful appearance far into middle-age. Sold by all chemists.—(Adv.)

To start with, there had been the tiff with Sonia—then the affair at the club, and now Montague. He felt he must vent his feelings on Montague.

It was a keen disappointment, therefore, to learn that he was out.

The servant saw the disappointment in his face and hastened to add:

"I am expecting him in very soon, sir; Mr. Montague has an engagement this evening and has to dress. If you will come in and wait."

Chatterton agreed, but his anger had cooled a little by the time he found himself in Montague's sitting-room.

There were many photographs of Montague himself on horseback and at the wheel of various cars; several riding whips hung over the mantelshelf, a silver-mounted horseshoe formed an inkpot on a strewn writing-table, a sofa was littered with motoring papers, a pair of goggles and some fur-lined gloves lay on a shelf.

Chatterton looked round the room interestedly. He had been here many times before, but to-day he seemed to see it with new eyes.

He sat down on the end of the sofa and lit a cigarette.

He hoped Montague would not be long; he wanted to see him before his anger cooled; he knew quite well that his was a nature that never harboured resentment for long, and this time he regretted it.

The minutes passed; the silence was unbroken save for the splash of rain on the windows; the flat was high up, and one only heard the rumble of distant traffic faintly.

The silence got on his nerves; he rose to his feet and paced the room.

His steps brought him to the mantelshelf; a letter stood there in prominence against the clock; he glanced at it casually, then suddenly stood stiffly at attention, for the letter was addressed to Montague in Sonia Markham's writing, and had been sent by messenger.

Chatterton had snatched it up in mood before he was conscious of any wish to do so; he turned it over and over with a horrible feeling of apprehension; it had not been opened, and had evidently arrived after Montague went out.

Sonia—writing to Montague!

In a flash he recalled Montague's heated words at the club that afternoon. What had they really meant? What had been the real underlying emotion prompting them?

Chatterton passed a hand across his forehead and was surprised to find it damp with perspiration; he put the letter back on the shelf, then snatched it up again.

He hated himself for the suspicion in his mind, and yet—he knew it was there.

As he stood, torn with conflicting emotions, uncertain what to do, the telephone bell whirled sharply from the writing-table.

It seemed a tremendous sound in the silence. Chatterton dropped the letter into his pocket and walked back to the sofa, expecting Montague's servant to enter and answer the telephone.

The seconds passed during which the bell whirled with intermittent insistence, but nobody came. Chatterton went to the door and looked out—the landing was deserted, there was no sound to be heard.

He shut the door and, recrossing the room, took down the receiver. "Hullo!"

His heart was thumping unaccountably as he waited for a reply; he spoke again—more sharply.

"Hullo!"

Now the answer came—rather faintly, as if the speaker were agitated.

"Hullo!"

"Hullo!" said Chatterton again. "Who is it?"

And then he felt as if all the blood were ebbing away from his body in a great rush as the small voice came again tremulously:

"Is Mr. Montague there? I want to speak to Mr. Montague. Is that you... Francis?"

Chatterton stood like a man turned to stone, for the voice was Sonia's!

He roused himself with a desperate effort; he remembered with a flash of exultation that she had once said his voice and Montague's were alike. Hardly knowing what he said—he answered her:—

"Yes... yes..."

He heard a little sigh of relief.

"I wrote to you this morning; I suppose you got the letter—I sent it by hand. Francis—I didn't mean what I said in it—please burn it and forget I wrote it."

"You didn't mean what you said in it?"

Chatterton gulped the words stupidly.

"No—are you angry? Your voice sounds as if you are; but you need not be; I—I'm going to do what you asked me to. I saw Richard again this afternoon, and he can't marry him—I can't. Francis, are you alone?"

"Yes."

"I thought perhaps there was someone with you as your voice sounds so strange. And—and you are glad about me, I mean? I didn't believe what you said last night about—about Dick—that he was a laggard, and that he didn't really care for me—but I do now, and... oh, Francis, when can we meet? I have got to go to the Franklin's dance to-night—Lady Merriam says I must. Will you be there?"

"Yes." Chatterton uttered the monosyllable, though he did not recognise it as his voice that was speaking.

"I'll keep some dances for you, and—" The voice broke, and then went on with a little catch like a sob in its pretty cadence. "I don't want to wait any longer, Francis—I'll come away with you and marry you as soon as ever you like."

What followed this dramatic incident will be told in another powerful instalment to-morrow.



Blouse Pattern Free!

The "Tab" Blouse is the very latest—and it is a very easy one to make; the pattern is given inside HOME FASHIONS First Birthday Number, out next Saturday, one penny. All the new styles are illustrated in this issue. All sensible, straightforward, money-saving styles.

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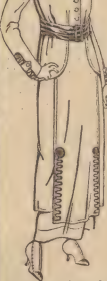
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Useful Coat in covert cloth, Green, Fawn and Grey shades. 27/11



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Love and Marriage in War Time

Never in the history of the world have there been so many marriages as now, never a time when people who have been hovering on the brink of engagement or marriage made up their minds so quickly. They no longer hesitate and ponder and hang back. They have the feeling that it MUST be now—or it may be NEVER.

LOUISE MACK's article about it in this week's "Home Chat" is intensely interesting. And Louise Mack knows, for she has seen the war from inside and from outside—she has been through the siege of Antwerp—through the Air Raid on Dunkirk—has risked her life to see with her own eyes what was actually going on in the devastated towns and villages of Belgium and of France.

And the first thing she did when she got back to England and safety was to write this article—on the subject that through all the danger and fear and horror impressed her most—LOVE AND MARRIAGE IN WAR TIME.

You Can Read It To-day in
HOME CHAT.

JUST LIKE OTHER MEN

The Cross Currents of a Girl's Love

By ALEXANDER CRAWFORD

CHAPTER LAST.

IT was rather tactless of Lionel to insist on Derek coming down to Folkestone with him, but in the happiness that had been given to him he would take no refusal.

It was a happiness strangely chastened by pity. The tragedy which had fallen on the house at Kensington, the retribution that had overtaken Fay, and the utter dejection and remorse of his brother made a profound impression on him.

In his contrition Ashley would have gone far beyond the strict letter of his obligation. "Leave me just enough to keep her from want and take the rest," he said. "His vast wealth was nothing to him now; the savour had all gone out of it. 'Lionel's reply was curt and blunt—he was always rough under the stress of emotion—but, in effect, it was the proud reply of Esau: 'I have enough, my brother; keep that thou hast unto thyself.'"

He made only one stipulation. "If you want me to forget it all, give up that basely business," he said; and Ashley gave him his word.

Derek seemed to be under a cloud of depression when they took their seats in the train for Folkestone. Lionel tried in vain to rally him, and at last it all came out.

"Well, it's like this," said Derek; "it's all very well for you, but I suppose I've got to go back to the wilderness alone."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"Why, now you're on the road to be a millionaire, cotton growing's right off. You'll live in Park-lane and keep powdered flunkies."

"The saints forbid!" laughed Lionel. "I was never so keen on Africa in my life."

But Derek refused to be comforted. "It won't depend on you," he said.

Lionel had wired the time of their train, and Jean met them at the station. There was a shy happiness in her eyes which her lover had never seen before. Trench saw it, too, and murmured:

ing something about looking for rooms precipitately left them.

"I'm going to take you straight in," Jean said. "Dad wants to see you urgently. Do you know your brother has written to him?"

"What about?" Lionel asked the question sharply, with a touch of the old suspicion.

"To release him—at least from the horrible interest—and to give him what time he likes to pay the principal. How can we thank you, dear?"

"When did he get the letter?"

"Last night."

"Then don't thank me; he must have written before he saw me."

"Oh, I'm glad."

She didn't say why she was glad. If she had told him what was in her mind she would have said that her relationship to Ashley Crewick was the one objection to him in her father's mind.

Lionel refused to be taken up at once to the old house's room. Instead he drew her unresistingly into the little parlour and closed the door.

"You know what I have come to ask?" he whispered, and for answer she kissed him.

"You know what it means, dear? It means that I shall want to take you right away from here—out to Africa."

Jean looked up with glowing cheeks. "I think you read my heart," she said. "I was going to ask that; I was going to ask you to let both of us—father and I—come out. We've had nothing but sorrow here. Only..."

"Only what?"

"Only I didn't know whether you still wanted me."

Lionel kissed her again. "I want you for ever, Jean," he said.

This is the end of "Just Like Other Men." Readers should turn to page 7, and begin the opening chapter of "Richard Chatterton, V.C.," by Miss Ruby M. Ayres, the finest serial we have ever published.

NEWS ITEMS.

No Drinks for Enemy.

The export of alcohol, except to Allied and friendly States, has been forbidden by Russia.

"No Ring, No Wedding."

Charged with bigamy at Hull on Saturday, a soldier pleaded that his first marriage was not proper as he did not give the girl a ring.

Romance of a Photograph.

A rich Canadian farmer, who fell in love with a Leicester girl whose photograph he had seen, is now coming to Leicester to marry her.

Police Inspector Assassinated.

Four young Bengalis, says Reuter, shot Police-Inspector Suresh Chunder Mukerjee dead yesterday, in the student quarter of Calcutta.

Black Silk for the Navy.

For the second time in a few months the Admiralty have ordered 230,000 black silk squares for the Navy from Macclesfield manufacturers.

Wheat from India.

Steps are being taken by the Government of India to regulate the export of their new wheat crop, a large surplus of which, it is anticipated, will be available for export.

5,000,000 Tons of Maize for Export.

It is officially estimated, says Reuter, that the ten million acres under maize in the Argentine will produce 8,591,641 tons, of which 5,219,425 tons will be available for export.

Deacon's Death at Church Door.

When entering Worthing Tabernacle for a prayer meeting on Saturday, Mr. William M. Taylor, aged seventy-three, a Worthing fruit grower and a deacon of the tabernacle, fell down dead.

"Keep Your Mouth Shut."

"Please keep your mouth shut," says the Exchange, is a command contained in a circular to German railwaymen, who are told that "owing to the presence of spies in Germany to talk is to sin against the Fatherland."

Captives Made to Work Unpaid.

Fifty French prisoners of war are stated in a German paper, says the Exchange, to be employed now in the engine factory at Elbing (East Prussia), where they are working for the Ministry of War and are unpaid.

Alien Test Case.

In an action brought at Manchester Assizes by Messrs. W. Wolff and Son, of Manchester and Stuttgart, for alleged breach of contract, Mr. Justice Lawrence held that plaintiffs were not entitled to sue, and gave judgment for the defendants.

Army's Protest of Loyalty.

Over six hundred officers from the military and naval garrison of Lisbon and the provinces, representing the entire Portuguese Army, have been received by General Castro, to whom they offered, says the Exchange, the Army's unconditional support to the Government.

Redfern, of 26, Conduit-street, W., have now ready for inspection an exclusive collection of the daintiest spring models, including the world-famed Redfern tailor gowns and specially designed Redfern afternoon frocks for the present season.

SATURDAY'S FOOTBALL.

F.A. CUP—Replayed Tie.—Hull City (h) 4, Southampton (a) 0; Norwich City 0, Bradford City 0.
THE LEAGUE—Division I.—Bolton Wan. (h) 1, West Bromwich A. 1; Blackburn Ror. (h) 1, Sheffield Wed. 1; Middlesbrough (h) 1, Manchester C. 0; Oldham Ath. (h) 0, Chelsea 0; Sheffield U. (h) 1, Newcastle U. 0; Liverpool (h) 3, Burnley 2; Aston Villa (h) 3, Tottenham Hotspur 2; Everton 2, Manchester U. (h) 1; Notts Co. (h) 2, Sunderland 1.

THE LEAGUE—Division II.—Leicester Fosse (h) 2, Blackpool 2; Preston N.E. 1, Glossop (h) 0; Stockport C. (h) 2, Huddersfield T. 1; Wolves (h) 1, Bury 1; Clapton Orient (h) 3, Lincoln City 1; Derby Co. 2, The Arsenal (h) 1; Bristol City 2, Fulham (h) 1; Barnard (h) 1, Nott. Forest 0; Leeds City (h) 2, Birmingham 0.

SOUTHERN LEAGUE—Division I.—Queen's Park Ran. (h) 3, Gillingham 0; Swindon T. (h) 0, Cardiff City 0; Watford (h) 4, Millwall 0; Geydon Cons. (h) 2, Plymouth Argyle 2; Southend (h) 2, Brighton and Hove 2; Crystal Palace 2, Luton Tn. (h) 1; Exeter City 2, Portsmouth (h) 0; Bristol Rev. (h) 3, Queen's Park 0; Rangers 4, Motherwell (h) 2.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE—Aberdeen 1, Third Lanark (h) 0; Dundee (h) 2, Airdrieonians 0; Ayr 3, St. Mirren (h) 1; Celtic 2, Partick (h) 0; Hamilton 2, Clyde (h) 2; Dunfermline (h) 3, Greenock 2; Falkirk (h) 5, Raith 1; Hibernians (h) 2, Hearts 2; Kilmarnock (h) 3, Queen's Park 0; Rangers 4, Motherwell (h) 2.

CHARITY MATCH.—Queen's Club.
NORTHERN UNION CUP.—Bradford (h) 3, Baiter 0; Salford 2, Brighouse (h) 0; Brighton (h) 14, Rushall 4; Halifax (h) 6, Bramley 2; Hull (h) 26, Dewsbury 2; Kingston Ror. (h) 10, Maudslayi 0; Wigan 0, Oldham 0; Warrington (h) 6, Leeds 4; Barrow (h) 15, Wakefield 3; Huddersfield 3, Leigh (h) 0; York (h) 0, Rochdale 0.

SELECTIONS FOR DERBY.

2.0.—Sawley Hurdle—PERSIAN CHIEF.
2.30.—Friary Hurdle—SWING.
3.0.—Selling Steeplechase—UNCLE MICHAEL.
3.30.—Doncaster Hurdle—NARCISSE.
4.0.—Derbyshire Steeplechase—THRALDOL.
4.30.—Elvaston Steeplechase—ROYAL GALL.

DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.

SWING AND NARCISSE.* ROVERIE.

SANDOW'S WINNERS AND PRICES.

Race.	Price.	Winner.	Jockey.
8.-Western Hurdle (9).	6-1	Thaddus	W. Smyth
Winchfield Chase (3).	4-1	John Redmon	R. Clark
East Hurdle (7).	5-6	Cigar	Piggott
Granby Chase (9).	3-2	Ally Sloper	Mr. Anthony
5.-Doncaster Hurdle (9).	3-2	L. B.	Mr. Anthony
6.-Derbyshire Steeplechase (6).	3-4	Flurry	Piggott

(The figures in parentheses indicate the number of starters.)

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

Jack Daniels and Tom Tees, two rugged boxers, meet in a twenty rounds contest, which will be a very interesting fight. Harry Bees made another victory at the Ring on Saturday, when Johnny Holland's seconds threw in the towel at the end of the tenth round.

T. Irwin (4th Bat.) of the 5th Cavalry Brigade cross-country race at Emsay End on Saturday, in 33m. 10.2.5. The Southern Counties' race at Colchester was won by the Teignmouth Harriers, which also provided the first man home, in Corporal Richards.

BITTEN ONCE, BUT NOT SHY.

"Why do you want to marry again? You have made one bad bargain. I should have thought you would have had enough of marriage."

These words were spoken by the magistrate at Lambeth on Saturday to a woman who came to him to ask if she could marry again. She had left her husband thirteen years ago because of his cruelty, and had not seen him since.

"However," the magistrate continued, "if you have not seen your husband for seven years the law presumes him to be dead, and if you marry again and he turns out to be alive you cannot be prosecuted for bigamy, but your second marriage will not be a legal one. My advice is—leave it alone."

TOBRALCO is one of the great TOOTAL lin. of guaranteed British Wash Cottons. It comes in self-white patterns, woven stripes, prints, self-colors and black. Sound fabric and indelible colors guaranteed.



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EVERY mother—Every woman—will be glad to see the new patterns of this dependable, economical British wash-cotton—white, colored or black. Tobralco colors are most attractive, and as sufficient dye material was secured before the scarcity began, Tobralco colors are as fast as ever—

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STAGE STARS WEARING THE HATS WITH WHICH THEY CHARM LONDON.



A small hat of soft, coarse straw trimmed with an old-fashioned posy of small flowers fixed in front.

TEGAL STRAW HAT.



An original shape in tégal straw, reminiscent of a Scotch "Tammy," and trimmed with a small cluster of moss roses.



Miss Julia James, one of the most delightful actresses and the most beautiful woman on the English stage, whose loveliness is famous throughout Europe, wearing her latest hat. It is green, with a border of old gold leaves, and the veil is bronze colour.



A model illustrating a charming combination of taffeta and soft straw, while roses are aptly used as trimming.

PEDAL STRAW HAT.



A spring hat of supple pedal straw by Messrs. Craieyeux, of Paris, simply trimmed with soft corded silk ribbon in loose cords.



Miss Christine Silver, who will appear in the new play at the Garrick, wearing a hat by Zena with a wonderful plume.



Mlle. Delysia, the charming French actress, who has made such a success in "Odds and Ends" at the Ambassadors Theatre, wearing one of her new spring hats. It has two plumes.



Miss Ivy Williams, who will appear in the Empire revue, wearing an osprey-trimmed hat by Francés, London.



A charming toque of white taffeta, for spring wear, worked with embroidery in Oriental colourings.



Another of Miss Christine Silver's spring hats by Zena. It is very simple, but surmounted by a huge osprey.

THE FINEST SERIAL
EVER WRITTEN.

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

NO FICTION LOVER
SHOULD MISS IT.

V.C. AS STARTER.

P. 14410



Brigade-Major Dimmer, V.C. (smoking pipe), acted as starter at the 92nd Brigade cross-country championship race.

TO NURSE IN FRANCE.

P. 14042



Miss Florence Schack-Sommer, who has abandoned painting to act as a nurse in France. Her brother George has won the St. George's Cross—the Russian V.C.

Daily Mirror

Look out for

The Second Grand Spring
Dress Number on
Monday Next (March 8th).

It will be a sort of overflow number, because such a large number of splendid fashion pictures were crowded out of this issue—and those fashion pictures that were left out are too good to be left out altogether.

And so next Monday you will see another splendid show of "Spring Fashions"—more Dresses—more Costumes—more Hats—in "The Daily Mirror's" Second Spring Dress Number.

Order Your Copy in Advance.

THE CATAPULT IS ONCE AGAIN A WEAPON OF WAR.

P. 941



This has been a war of curious revivals in the weapons of attack. The old-fashioned hand grenade has come into vogue again when the rival armies get to close quarters. In this interesting photograph French soldiers are seen sending a bomb to the Germans by means of a military catapult. The enemy was only thirty yards distant. The catapult is one of the most ancient weapons of war.

GERMAN PRISONER AS ORDERLY.

P. 11910



This German prisoner is acting as an orderly in a military hospital in France. He states that he is a Pole and was forced to fight in the German Army. He is nicknamed "Faderland."

IRISH MURDER MYSTERY.

P. 47067



Sensational evidence was given at Newtownards when Samuel Heron was charged with the murder of his stepson, William Quinn. Heron, marked with a cross, was arrested at Quinn's funeral. Quinn in circle.